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THE GREAT ARCHBISHOP.*

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We said, each man, within his sad and bitter heart : " Behold, we stand alone ;
and they who flout us now shall gather where we strewed, and reap where we have sown.
The priest and scribe, the learned and great, they pass us by with coldly-turning eyes ;
While, inch by inch, and step by step, we push the fight that yields for *us* no prize.
Aye! they who prated loudest, once, of love for justice, liberty, and man,
Wag snake-like tongues, and spit against us now the venom of their pious ban.
All men," we groaned, " are beasts of burden or of prey, and only we are left
To catch the dropped threads that our sires let fall from Freedom's torn and bloody web."

Ah! sorely erred we then : for,—even as we flung our fretful moans and cries
Right up, in bitter unbelief, against the dumb face of the patient skies,—
Out from the bosom of the heaving South a lustre blossomed o'er the land,
That broadening, whitening, brightening grew—a great white rose held fast in God's own
hand ;—
Grew over all the stormy heaven, and opened wide for all its glorious breast ;
Till, as the exiled Jew his Zion's fanes, so Cashel's sacred ground we blessed !

Ah, High-priest of our noblest dreams ! before that dreadful altar shines thy face,
Beneath which sob and call the souls of those who died—in vain—to save their race,—
" How long, O God ! how long ere Thou avenge our sacrifice of blood and pain ?"
And still the awful answer murmurs back : " Not yet, till all God wills be slain !"
Thy feet are drenched in scarlet wine, the sacramental flood that pours
From England's wine-press when she treads the yearly vintage of our mangled shores ;
And England's thunders threat thy consecrated head, and *Christian* bosoms pine
To hunt once more the unresisting priest, and break the sanctuaried shrine !
Yet, brighter still for storm and night thy face shall glow, and tell the herd around,
That upon Sinai's tempest blackened peak, thy soul the light of God has found ;
With Him whose holiest word is Love, thy soul has talked, and back to earth has brought.
The radiance by th' Immortals sealed upon the brow that wears a God-given thought.
Like Moses to the people, where, fear-stricken, 'mid the wilds they doubt and quail,
Thy prophet-voice peals forth again : " Thus saith the Lord ; this time ye shall not fail."
And on the heights, like Moses, too, of yore, thy hands are raised for us in might,
While through the shadowed valleys at thy feet a hundred Joshuas lead the fight.

Lift still thy hands, and weary not, for shining armies fill the lurid air ;
Lift still thy hands, and leave us not, for victory waits at last upon thy prayer.
And 'mid the clamor and the heat, thy warning voice breathes calm and low,—
" Be true, O children, and be pure ; be bold, yet strike no fool's or ruffian's blow."
Thine be a loftier task than sainted Patrick wrought in splendid years long past,
When from our shores—as legends tell—the crawling snake and skulking wolf he cast.
Be thine the mission to uproot from human breasts, the bestial, false and vile,
And give to us once more, purged clean with tears and fire, our long-lost Holy Isle.
—*Boston Pilot.*

*Most Rev. T. W. Croke Archbishop of Cashel.

THE ORPHANS;
OR,
THE HEIR OF LONGWORTH.

CHAPTER XXXII.—(Continued.)

"LOVE LEONCE!" she repeats, dreamily. "Yes; I can recall no time when I did not love Leonce. I was such a little creature when I went to Rouen—mamma was always ailing, and she said I tormented her, and aunt Denise, so gentle and so good to every one, took me home. Leonce was a little fellow then, such a pretty boy; so gay, so loving, so good to me. We grew up together there in the dear old house. We went wandering together through the dear old town, we explored all the beautiful churches, and life was like one long sunny summer day. There never was one so kind as Leonce in those days, or so happy as I. I used to go about singing the whole day long, for the very joy of living. But change came, and Leonce went, and death came, and dear aunt Denise went, and then followed the war, and I thought I had lost my brother for ever. I went to London; so cold, and cheerless, and dark, and bleak it seemed after my Normandy—my dear, dear Normandy that I will never see again. And then Leonce was taken prisoner by those vile Prussians. How we wept that day, Marie and I."

"Marie!" Miss Hariott says, sceptically.

She is touched and interested. The girl has never spoken like this of her old home or friends before; but she is not prepared to accept the tears of the elder Madeline.

"Do you think Marie did not know and care for him?" Reine says, quickly, a slight flush passing over her face. "Do you think she has no heart?"

"Well," Miss Hariott responds, "anatomically considered, we all have hearts, and we all have lachrymal glands; but in the light of a damsel in distress I really cannot picture your calm, white, beautiful sister. Pardon me, Reine, but I really cannot."

"Last of all, worst of all, goes on Reine, "papa died—my dear, handsome, noble father—so patient, so tender, so silent, so sad, always working, never complaining, and loving Marie, and me

so well. Then we came here, and of all the sorrowful things of my life I am sorriest for that."

"Dear child—sorriest?"

"Sorry, sorry, sorry to the heart? Oh! if Marie had but listened to me, and stayed in London! We knew people there, we could have got pupils, we could have worked and lived independently; but she was resolved to come—it was our right, she said, and I—I loved her and I listened and yielded. If I only had been firm and refused to come!"

"Reine, this is wicked, this is ungrateful, this is unkind—it is what I never expected to hear from you. At first, I granted you, when all were strangers—"

"And what are they now? What friend have I but you?"

"You have your grandmother, who is good to you after her fashion. You have a safe and secure home——"

"I have a house to live in. But a home!—ah! four walls are not enough for that. Our heart makes our home."

"And," pursues the elder lady, "you have the man you are going to marry——"

But Reine lifts her hand and stops her. The warmth which the firelight and Candace's tea have brought into her face dies slowly out.

"Say no more," she interposes. "Yes, I am unkind and ungrateful. But when I think of the past, and the old home lost for ever, of my beloved France, which I shall never see again, I forget to be grateful. Heaven is good; but life is long—so long—and things happen that are so hard to bear. I try not to think, I try not to go back to the life that is gone; but sometimes I sit, and this dull town and these quiet streets fade away, and I am in the old garden on the hill just above Rouen, and the grapes and apricots shine on the white, sunny wall, and Jeanneton is gathering vegetables in the kitchen garden, and aunt Denise is knitting in the porch, and Leonce comes up, singing as he comes, and then—I wake with a start, and it is Baymouth not Rouen; Massachusetts, not Normandy; Madame Windsor, not aunt Denise, and Leonce—oh! yes Leonce is here, but not the Leonce of those days. Nine!" She rises abruptly.

"How long I have stayed, and how much I have talked! Did I ever talk so much before?"

"Never, Little Queen!" Miss Hariott answers. "Dear Little Queen, you are not looking well. You are pale and thin as a shadow. What is the trouble?"

"Nothing you can help—nothing I do not deserve. I must go at once, and you must not come with me, nor Candace either. I can go very well alone."

"No doubt; but Candace will accompany you for all that. Come to-morrow little one, and let us talk it out. I wish I could help you. I wish I could make you happy. I am your fairy godmother, you know, and the little princess always goes for help to her *Marraine*."

"Dear *Marraine*, there never was such a fairy godmother. You *have* helped me. Only to come here and talk nonsense as I have done for the past hour is a help."

"And you will return to-morrow?"

"Do I not always return? Yes, I will come. To-morrow I will be indeed alone."

"When is Monsieur Durand coming back?"

"Never!"

"Indeed? When does Laurence Longworth return?"

"I do not know."

"You do not know? Does he not write to you then?"

"No—why should he? Do not let us talk of him, please. And I wish you would not insist upon sending Candace."

But Miss Hariott does insist, and Candace holds the umbrella, and goes through the rain to the Stone House. Black and rayless, buried in funereal trees, it stands like some goblin castle, so dark a contrast to the little white cottage that even Candace regards it with eyes of distrust and disfavour.

"A mighty dull place for a young lady like you, Miss Reine," she says. "And Mrs. Windsor must be a mighty dull lady to live with. I wish you belonged to Miss Hester and me, Honey."

"I wish I did, Candace. Thank you for coming, and good night."

Candace departs. Catherine answers the knock, takes her young lady's wet outer garments to the kitchen, and Reine, feeling oppressed and wretched, goes upstairs to her own room. How

silent the old house is, such a lonesome, rambling old house for four women to occupy.

She opens her grandmother's door noiselessly; the night light burns dimly, the night drink is on a stand by her bedside. Mrs. Windsor is deeply asleep. She shuts the door and returns to her own room, which is directly opposite. She can hear rain beating against the glass, the wind making a dull, ceaseless surge among the trees, and farther off, mingling with both, the deeper and more awful voice of the ocean.

What a wild night it is! She wonders with a shiver of apprehension if Marie is tossing about in the frail yacht along the coast of Maine. How miserably she will be, and Marie abhors illness, and pain, and annoyance of any kind, and shrinks from the very shadow of life's lightest trouble.

"If I could only help her," Reine thinks, "I would take her share and my own too. But I cannot. I may suffer for her, but she must suffer for herself as well. Oh, if Leonce follows her! and in his face this evening I saw the foreshadowing of some desperate resolve. She will never yield—she is inexorable as fate, and he is passionate and jealous, and reckless. The truth will come out, and all she desires most on earth will be lost for ever. And then—what then?"

She sits down, her head resting wearily against the back of the chair, silent and motionless for a long time. Her head aches; or is it only her heart? A sense of foreboding fills her; but, stranger than all, a sense of fatigue weighs her down. She rises presently as the loud-voiced clock in the hall strikes ten, and slowly and wearily prepares for bed. Her heavy eyelids sway and fall almost immediately, and she is half asleep before her head is well on the pillow. Once she starts awake again at some noise; but it is only Jane and Catherine going up to the bedrooms on the floor above. Then profound stillness falls, and Reine is soundly asleep.

She sleeps long and dreamlessly, but she awakes suddenly, broad awake in an instant, the heart beating fast and hard, and she sits upright in bed. What was that? Was it only the old eight-day clock tolling two? The last wiry vibra-

tion yet moves the quivering air, but surely there was something else—surely she has heard a cry—a sharp, sudden, piercing cry of mortal pain or fear. Her heart throbs so frantically as she sits up erect in the darkness, that for a moment she can hear nothing else. She listens and waits, her eyes dilated and wild; but no other cry follows—all is profoundly still. The very rain has ceased, and a wan glimmer of moonlight pierces the window curtains, and falls upon her white, terrified face.

She can catch a glimpse of the writhing trees outside, of the black, wind-blown night sky. Has she dreamed that sharp quick, agonized scream? Has she had nightmare and screamed out herself? It had seemed to her to come from across the hall, from Mrs. Windsor's room. Has the sick woman grown worse in the night and called out for help?

Instantly Reine is out of bed, trying to dress herself with trembling fingers and shaking nerves. She trusts her feet into little velvet slippers, opens the door without noise, and looks across in terror at that oppositedoor. Then she tip-toes towards it; it is closed as she has left it; the dull light shines through key-hole and crevice, and—Great heaven? what is that? Who is in the room. For there is a sound—the sound of stealthy footsteps; there is another sound—the sound of a key fitting cautiously in a lock. In a second she knows it all—robbers are at work behind that closed door, murderers it may be; and that shriek—that one wild, horror-stricken shriek, the death-cry, perhaps, of her grandmother?

A panic of mortal terror seized the girl. In a moment it may be that door will open and she will share her grandmother's fate. There is a table close to where she stands; she holds to it with both hands to keep from falling. The floor seems to heave beneath her feet, and without sound or word she sinks upon it, and half-lies, half-crouches, in a heap.

One or two broad rays of moonlight gleam fitfully into the dark hall; but where she has fallen is in deepest gloom. So crouching, she strains every nerve to listen. She feels no sense of faintness; every faculty seems preter-

naturally sharpened. The grating key has evidently not fitted. She hears the sharp, metallic sound of steel instruments at work. Tick, tick, tick, she can hear, too, from the clock down stairs—how weirdly loud is the beating of its brazen pulse; it seems to drown even the horrid click of those tools that are forcing the locks. Then there is an interval—an hour it seems—one minute, perhaps, in reality, and then, oh heaven! the door slowly and softly opens, a white hand stretches forth, and so holds it one listening second. Her dilating eyes are fixed on that hand; surely the gleam of the large, flashing ring it wears is familiar to her. A stealthy step follows, then the thief stands on the threshold and casts one quick glance up and down the hall. She crouches not three feet from where he stands; but he only looks before him, and sees nothing. She sees him, however; the palid gleam of the moonlight falls full on his face. He crosses the hall noiselessly, turns down the stairs and disappears.

One, two, three, four, five, six; lying there in the chill gallery, Reine counts the sonorous ticking of the noisy Dutch clock; or perhaps it is not the clock so much as the sickening heavy throbs of her own heart. She counts on and on; it seems to her as if it must continue for ever, as if she must sit huddled here in the darkness and cold, and the minutes of this ghastly night go on eternally. Hours seem to pass, and then, all at once, with a mighty rushing sound, the clock strikes three.

She springs to her feet, the spell is broken, and almost screams aloud, so jarring, so discordant seem the strokes to her overstrained nerves. Only three o'clock; just one hour since that cry for help ran through the house, and the hours she has been here are only one hour after all.

She puts her hand to her head in a dazed sort of way. Something must be done, and at once; but what can she do? She looks in awful terror at the half open door of her grandmother's room. If she goes in there, what will she see? Will her eyes rest on some frightful sight on the bed yonder, and be stricken blind with the horror of it for ever? She stands for a while, there slowly,

with wide-staring eyes, moves forward. In the door-way she lingers.

The light in burning a little more brightly than when she looked in last, a few small keys lie on the carpet, the drawers of the Japanese cabinet stand open—this she takes in at the first glance. Then slowly and reluctantly her eyes turn to the bed. No blood-stained sight of horror meets her. Mrs. Windsor lies there, her face calm and still, her breathing deep and heavy, unhurt and asleep.

The revulsion of feeling is so great, so unutterable, that Reine drops into the nearest chair, sick and faint. The money is gone, but no murder has been done. Her head falls heavily against the chairback, but she rallies almost directly, sits up, and now for the first time becomes conscious of something that has hitherto escaped her. A curious smell fills the room—a faint, sweet, fetid penetrating odour. She has never inhaled it before; and now, too, she sees a sponge lying on the breast of the sleeping woman. What a curious thing to be there.

She goes over to the bed, lifts the sponge, and holds it to her face. Faugh! the smell is almost intolerable—this sponge has been impregnated with it. Then she knows—she has never inhaled it before, but she knows—it is chloroform that fills the room.

Fully aroused now, Reine can act. Her first act is to throw the window open and let in a rush of fresh pure air; her next to put the sponge and scattered keys in her pocket. In a very few minutes the atmosphere is again endurable, and the oppression that seemed to overpower Mrs. Windsor's slumber is gone. There is no need to linger longer. She closes the window, moves the sleeper gently into an easier position; then she leaves the chamber and goes back to her own.

She does not return to bed; she sinks down on her knees by the bedside, agony in the upturned face, agony beyond all telling in the desolate heart. She has but one cry, and it ascends strong enough in its anguish to pierce heaven.

"Have mercy on him! Heaven, have mercy on him!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ANOTHER DAY.

MR. LONGWORTH returns to Baymouth very early in the afternoon of the day following that stormy October night. The storm has not interfered with his journey. He has slept all night in a palace car, lulled by the rocking motion and the beating of the rain on the glass. He hastens to his boarding-house at once, finds himself in time for luncheon, and also for the dish of gossip and detraction daily served up with that midday refectation.

"Miss Marie Landelle is away with the Dexters, mother and son—has spent a week with them in Boston, and is cruising about now upon the high seas in her namesake, the *Marie*. A pleasant night they must have had of it too. It is to be hoped Mr. Frank has secured a competent skipper and pilot and crew. His affair may be looked upon as settled. Lucky young dog, Mr. Frank, prospective possessor of a princely fortune and a peerless wife."

This says Mr. Beckwith, going into the edibles with the energy of a constitutionally hungry man.

"Miss Harriott has returned, Mr. Longworth will be rejoiced to hear," says Mrs. Beckwith.

"Monsieur Leonce Durand has packed his belongings, and departs to-day," says Mrs. Sheldon, languidly regretful; "and they all expect to miss him so much."

"And what is odd about it," chimes in mamma Longworth, sharply, "is, that Mr. Durand has not been in all night, his bed has not been slept in, and nobody seems to know what has become of him."

All this Mr. Longworth listens to in cold, unsympathetic silence. Durand's going is nothing to him—nothing whatever. With these people he has done for ever. A stern, intense anger against Reine fills him—intense scorn for himself mingles with it. How easy a dupe she has found him. He, calling himself a man of the world, knowing that guilt can look at you with open and fearless face, while innocence shrinks and shivers, had yet taken this girl into his heart almost at sight, and fallen in love with those bonnie brown eyes, and that frank and fearless smile.

Why, in his experience as a New York reporter he had once stood face to face with a murderess—a little blue-eyed, soft-faced woman—and had sworn in his heart never to trust one of her kind again. And this is how he has kept that vow. She has led him on and laughed at him, and from first to last was Durand's wife. She has looked up with those truthful eyes, and lied in his face. In the first hours of his passion he could understand how men killed such women; but that is all past now. He has learned his lesson, and learned it well. He will think the worse of all women for the sake of this one: Intense, pitiless anger fills him. He would not lift a finger, it seems to him, to save her from death.

The Hindoos, who leave the female children to perish in the Ganges, have something to say on this side of the question, after all. If a few thousand of the surplus female children born into the world every year were made into one grand suttee, mankind and morality would profit.

The editor of the *Phoenix* goes to business in a temper eminently suited to tackle his enemy of the *Herald*, and rout him with immense slaughter.

Mr. O'Sullivan looks up from work to greet his chief with the office news of the last few days. He also adds an item not office news.

"Here's a queer caper of Durand's," he says. "May I never, if he hasn't eloped!"

"Eloped?"

"With himself, faith," says O'Sullivan, with a grin. "Peters was at the station this morning at six—he expected a parcel from the conductor—and who does he see jumping aboard but our friend Robert the Devil. He was out all night—gambling, you may take your oath. Faith, it's one of the honourable profession of blacklegs he is, or I'm mistaken in him. That's the end of the captivating Leonce, and its many's the dry eye he leaves behind him!"

Longworth passes on, seats himself at his desk, and peruses with lowering brow yesterday's leader in the *Herald*. Then he draws a sheet of paper before him, dips his pen viciously in the ink-stand, and is fairly immersed in his congenial task, when a tap at the door interrupts him.

"Oh, come in, and he hanged to you!"

"Sure, it's not me, chief," says the deprecating tones of his second; "it's one of Mrs. Windsor's women. She's below, and she wants ye."

"What does she want? Send her here."

Catherine enters, her face pale, her eyes excited.

"Oh, Mr. Longworth, please, sir, such a dreadful thing! Missus is almost murdered, and we don't none of us know what to do. Miss Reine don't seem like herself, and she sent me here."

"Miss Reine sent you here?"

"No, sir; Mrs. Windsor. Robbers broke in last night and took away all her money—hundreds and hundreds of pounds—and gave her chloroform, and nearly killed her? The doctor's there, and he says her nerves are dreadful. She sent me here for you at once. And please do come, sir, for we don't none of us know what to do."

Longworth listens in silent concern. He has often warned Mrs. Windsor against her habit of keeping large sums of money in the house; but Baymouth is honestly disposed, burglaries are rare, and she has not heeded. That she has been robbed at last does not greatly astonish him. It has only been a question of time.

"I will go immediately," he answers; "run in and tell Mrs. Windsor so. But I am afraid there is nothing I can do."

Still, he knows, with the usual inconsequence of women, his very presence will be a relief and reassurance. Robbed! Who can be the robber? Someone who knows her habit and knows the house. No stranger has done the deed.

He reaches the house, and is conducted to Mrs. Windsor's room. He expects to find Reine in attendance; but the invalid is alone. She lies among her pillows as white as they, a terrified look in her usually calm cold eyes. Evidently the shock has been very great.

"My dear Mrs Windsor," Longworth says, taking a seat by the bedside and the hand she gives him, "I am very sorry for this. You are looking dreadful. Why, you are in a fever! How has all this happened?"

"Laurence," Mrs. Windsor says, in a

tense tone, her eyes glittering. "I know the man!"

"Indeed! He was not masked, then? Some one of the town? Do I know him?"

"It was the Frenchman, Durand!"

He drops her hand, and stares at her in consternation.

"It was my granddaughters' relation—it was the Frenchman, Durand—and I believe Reine Landelle told him of the money and admitted him here last night!"

But Longworth only sits, perfectly dumb with the shock of the announcement, staring at her.

"I saw his face as plainly as I see yours now," she goes on, excitedly. "I was asleep, I suppose, when he entered; but some slight noise he made awoke me. A man was fitting a key in that cabinet yonder behind you. I started up in bed, and screamed out. Like a flash he turned, and I saw his face. Before I could cry out again he had put his hand over my mouth, and held a sponge saturated with chloroform under my nostrils. I remember no more. This morning I awoke from my drugged sleep to find the room in perfect order, the cabinet as usual, the money gone, and myself sick as death from the overdose of the drug!"

"This is horrible!" Longworth says, finding his voice; "I cannot realize it. But why should you suspect Mademoiselle Reine? Surely she knows nothing of this!"

"She was the only one who knew of this money. When Mr. Martin left he saw her whispering to him across the gate. He was here this morning, and told me."

"Still——"

"Look here, Laurence!"—she holds up a handkerchief, marked with the name in full, "Reine Landelle"—"Catherine found this at my bedside this morning. It was not there last night."

"Still——"

"Look here! look here!"—in a state of feverish excitement she holds up to view a sponge and two or three small keys—"Catherine found these in her room this morning; they fell out of her dress pocket. The woman is her friend—she would not have told if she had thought it could hurt her. Smell that

sponge. Has it been soaked in chloroform? I tell you she let him in, and was with him last night. His keys would not fit; he had to pick the lock. Laurence, you have had an escape. I never liked her—I always knew she was bad, bad, bad to the core. You must give her up, and at once!"

He rises from his seat and walks to the window. He has given her up—he believes her false and treacherous—but it wrings his heart to hear this.

"Have you asked her?" he says, coming back. "It is not fair to condemn her unheard. Your evidence is circumstantial evidence, the most unreliable in the world. It may only be a combination of circumstances; she may be innocent in the face of it all."

"You do not believe one word of what you are saying. I can see it in your face. No, I have not seen her—I never want to see her again. Catherine tells me she has kept her room, that she looks dazed with terror—guilt would be the better word. Well she may! She is guilty of something worse than a crime—she is guilty of being found out."

"What do you intend to do?"

"I intend to turn her out. Yes, this very day. Not another night shall she sleep under this roof; it has never been a shelter for thieves. Let her go and join her robber lover, for he is her lover and followed her here. What he has stolen from me will keep them for a while; when that is gone, she can help him to steal more."

"Madam! you are merciless. You must not act in this reckless way for your own sake. Remember, she is your granddaughter—your child's child."

"My curse on them both—the mother who fled from me, the daughter who has disgraced me! The name of Windsor has been dishonoured by them both. How dare you plead for her? But for you these girls never would have set foot in this house!"

"No need to remind me of that. I regret my ill-starred advice as deeply as you do. Still justice is justice. Condemn her if you like; but hear her—send for her, and ask her to tell you the truth."

She seizes the bell-rope, and pulls it before he has fairly spoken the words. In all the years he has known her, Longworth has never seen her proud

self-control even in intense anger desert her before.

"Not now!" he cries; "not before me! I will not stay!"

"I say you *shall* stay!" she cries, passionately, "You have pleaded for her—you shall stay and hear her plead for herself. If you leave me now, I will hate you as long as I live!"

He falls back. Catherine enters, looking flurried and scared. She, too, has never seen her mistress like this.

"Where is Miss Reine?"

"In her own room, ma'am."

"Tell her to come here."

The girl goes. Once more Longworth starts to his feet.

"Mrs. Windsor, it will be in the very worst possible taste for me to remain. Consider——"

"I will consider nothing. Remain you must and shall, and confront her in her guilt."

The door opens on the moment—retreat is impossible—and Reine enters. Her dreary eyes fall upon him, then turn to the figure sitting upright in the bed. She slowly advances.

"You sent for me madame?"

She is pale, and cold, and miserable; but the mastering expression of her face is one of utter weariness. She looks worn out, as though to speak or move were unalterable labour and pain. And once again Longworth thinks, as he gazes gloomily at her—

"If guilt can look with such eyes as these, how is mortal man to know innocence or truth in this world?"

"I sent for you," Mrs. Windsor answers, with suppressed vehemence. "You expected to be sent for, did you not? I sent for you to ask you a few questions. Were you, or were you not in this room between two and three this morning?"

Reine stands mute.

"Will you answer?"

"I cannot," she says, in a stifled voice.

"You hear!" cries Mrs. Windsor turning in a dreadful sort of triumph to her friend. "She cannot! Are you, then, afraid to tell a lie, mademoiselle? I have heard that there is honour among thieves, but I never heard it was so nice."

"Madame," Reine says, but there is

no defiance in her tone, no flash in her eye, "I am no thief."

"No? Nor the aider nor abettor of one? You did not tell the Frenchman, Durand, last night, across my gate, where I forbade him ever to come, of this stolen money?"

Silence.

"You did admit him last night into this house?"

"Madame, no, I did not."

"You were not with him in this room between two and three in the morning? You did not hide in your pocket the sponge with which he stupefied me? You do not even know, perhaps, that he stole the money? Answer me! Mr. Longworth believes in your innocence—I want you to prove it with your own lips. Answer!"

She throws her hands up over her face, and there is a cry that goes through Longworth's heart like a knife.

"Oh, heaven!" she says, "I am a sinner; but what have I done to deserve this?"

"Mrs. Windsor," Longworth exclaims passionately, "this must cease. Reine," he takes her hand and almost crushes it in the unconscious intensity of his grasp, "come with me. I must speak one word to you alone."

She lets him lead her out. In the passage he stops, still grasping her hand.

"Reine," he says, "for the honour of all women, tell me that you know nothing of this robbery. It was through me you first came here—in some way I feel answerable for you through that."

"I wish," she cries out, and wrenches her hand free, "that I had been dead before I ever came!"

"There are worse things in the world than death. But tell me—you know nothing of this?"

She stands silent. In the eyes that meet his there is the look of a hunted animal at bay, with the knife at its throat.

"I will tell you nothing," she answers, looking at him steadily; "not one word."

They stand for a moment face to face. He is deadly pale, but something that is almost a flash of scorn, of defiance, has risen over the gray pallor of her face.

"I am answered," he says, slowly; "as Mrs. Windsor says, you were in the

room this morning with the thief Durand. Then, heaven help you, and help me who once believed in you. I thought you almost an angel of light—truthful, noble, innocent as a very child. And you are the wife of a gambler and a burglar, his aider and helper. Go to him! You are well fitted for each other! From this hour I shall have only one hope in connection with you, and that I may never look upon your face again!”

He turns and leaves her in the hall. Below he meets Catherine.

“Tell Mrs. Windsor I will come again to-night,” he says “I am busy now,” and so goes.

“The girl runs up stairs. In the upper hall Reine still stands as he has left her, her hands locked together, her eyes, fixed, her face stony. Something in that frozen agony of face and attitude frightens the servant, and she bursts out crying—

“Oh, Miss Reine, Miss Reine! You were always so gentle and kind, and to think that it was me found the sponge! If I’d known, I’d have cut my hand off before I ever took them to missis. I’ll never believe you knew a thing about the robbery to the day of my death?”

Slowly Reine seems to wake, and after a second’s blank stare holds out her hand.

“Thank you, Catherine,” she says, dearly; “and thank you again before I go away for all the attention you have paid me since I have been here.”

“Oh! miss, are you going? Oh! what will Miss Marie say when she comes back?”

A sort of shudder passes over the listener. She turns from her, and opens once more her grandmother’s door. Mrs. Windsor has fallen back among the pillows, panting from her recent excitement, but excited still.

“What! you again!” she exclaims. “You dare to enter here! Is there anything Monsieur Durand forgot last night that you would like to secure before you go?”

“Madame,” Reine says, and approaches the bed, “do not say any more. One day you may be sorry for having said so much. I want nothing—I have taken nothing. I thank you for all you have given me, and I am going away, and will come back no more.”

The woman before her, who has always disliked her, who has reigned in that dislike, lets the rage that consumes her have uncontrollable vent now.

“Go!” she cries. “Yes, go, you viper, you thief! You daughter of a thief! Your beggarly father came and stole my child, your beggarly lover comes and steals my money! Go! the sight of you is hateful to my eyes. Go I say—go at once!”

“At once,” the girl dreamily repeats.

“This hour, this moment, and never return. All the disgrace that has ever touched me has come upon me through you and yours. You shall disgrace me by your presence no longer. Last night’s booty will keep you in comfort for a while, and when it is gone you know well how to get more. Go, and, living or dead, never let me see you again.”

Without a word, Reine turns and goes.

In her own room, hers no longer, she stands for a little, her hand to her head, trying to steady herself and recall her dazed thoughts.

She is to go, and at once. Yes, that is easily understood. She glances around; her preparations need not take long. All she brought with her is still in her old French trunk. The few things necessary to take immediately she puts in a bag, not one article that Mrs. Windsor’s abhorred money has bought among them. Her purse with the last quarter allowance is in her pocket; she cannot do without that. Longworth’s diamond is on her hand; she sees it, takes it off, and lays it on the table. Then she puts on her hat and jacket and is ready.

She does not meet either of the women servants as she goes down stairs. She opens the house door and stands for a moment taking a farewell look at all about her.

The evening is dull and overcast, clouds hurry across the sky—last night’s storm has not entirely stormed itself out—it intends to rain again before morning. But on the train the rain will not interfere with to-night’s journey.

She is going to New York.

It is a large city, and she has been in it for a brief time; she has no other object in selecting it. What she will do

when she gets there she does not yet know.

The night train leaves at seven; it is not much past five now. What will she do in the interval? Then she remembers she has promised to call and see Miss Hariott this evening, and she will keep her word. Surely Miss Hariott has not heard the vile news yet; she cannot, unless Longworth has gone and told her, and she does not think he is capable of doing that. Yes, she will see Miss Hariott once more for the last time. How very sorry she is to lose Miss Hariott's esteem, so good a woman, whose respect and affection are well worth having.

She shuts the door and walks slowly away. At the gates she pauses and looks back for a moment. The sombre Stone House seems to stare back at her, frowningly out of its many glimmering eyes, a scowl seems to darken its dull gray front. Oh, ill-omened home into which she had been forced—out of which she is driven, a criminal and an outcast. One great heart-wrung sob breaks from her, then she hurries away, homeless friendless, into the darkening night.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

REINE'S KNIGHT.

MISS HARIOTT sits alone over a book. She is an inveterate bookworm, and heavy or light literature according to her mood, is alike devoured and digested. Her book this evening is a novel, a new and popular one, well and spiritedly written, and the thoughtful interest of the story absorbs her. She lays it down at last with a musing face.

"I know what Longworth will say about this book—that, looked upon simply as a story to while away an idle hour, it is well told, and fulfils its mission that, looked upon as the teacher of any particular truth, it is a failure, and that he who reads will rise from its perusal neither sadder nor wiser than when he sat down. Well, why should he? The story is strictly moral, though it inculcate no especial moral, and my experience is, that the novelist who sets out to preach a sermon through the mouths of half a dozen fictitious characters spoils two good things—a sermon

and a story. In the main, story-writers seem to understand that their mission is as much to amuse as to instruct, to show us life as it is or might be, and for the rest say to us tacitly, as Virgil to Dante, 'Let us not talk of these things—let us look and pass on!'"

The little cottage parlour is, as it always is, cozy, homelike, warm, and bright. The shine of the fire glints on the picture-frames, sparkles on the keys of the open piano, and flashes on the pretty womanly knick-knacks scattered carelessly everywhere. She gets up, pushing aside books and workbasket, walks to the window, and looks out at the dark and gusty evening.

"I wonder if my Little Queen is coming?" she thinks. "She promised, and she invariably keeps her word—rare and precious quality in young ladyhood. Something is the matter with the child, something more than ordinarily serious, something more than the going of this young Frenchman. Can she and Larry have quarrelled? She cares more for him than she is willing to own even to herself, and he, perhaps, is exacting. Ah, I know she would not fail! Here she is?"

She hurries to the door and holds it open. Reine closes the gate and comes slowly up the path, carrying a large handbag, her face so pale, her step so lagging and weary, that Miss Hariott knits her brows in anxious perplexity.

"What on earth is the matter with the girl?" she thinks. "Has that Gorgon of a grandmother been nagging the life out of her, or is it only the departure of Durand?"

She takes Reine in her arms, and kisses her cordially, looking searchingly into her face.

"'Oh, rare pale *Margaret*.' You come gliding like a ghost out of the gloaming. How white, and cold, and wretched you look! Are you sick? Are you worried? What is it that troubles my Queen? Tell your fairy godmother."

But Reine only sinks in silence into a chair, and lays her head in a tired, spiritless way against the cushion.

"Are you in trouble, dear? I wish I could help you—I wish you could tell me. Is it your grandmother? Has she been annoying you?"

"She would tell you I have been annoying her—something more than annoying her. Oh, Miss Hariott dear and true friend, I am in trouble. Yes, my heart is almost broken, but I cannot tell you. Where would be the use? You could not help me—no one in the world can. A little while ago, and it would have been different. A few words might have cleared all up. Now it is too late—too late for ever. There are things one may forgive, but never, never forget. No, do not look at me like that. I cannot tell you, indeed, and you could not help me if I did. There are some sorrows no one can help us to bear. We must endure them alone. To-morrow you will know—every one in the town will know what has happened, but to-night I do not want to speak or think of it. Let me sit here and listen to you, and forget for little if I can."

Miss Hariott looks at her, and listens to her in wonder and silence. Her words falter as she speaks them, her eyes are haggard—a white, spent look blanches her face. At last the lady of the house speaks, and the strong, practical common sense that is her leading characteristic marks every word.

"My dear child," she says, briskly, there is an exhausted look in your face that I have seen before, and recognize, and don't like. Have you had tea?"

"Tea?" Reine repeats, faintly; "no."

"I thought not. Dinner?"

"No."

Miss Hariott stares.

"No dinner! Breakfast?"

"Yes—no—I forget," the girl answers, and puts her hand to her head.

"No, I believe I have eaten nothing to-day."

"Gracious powers!" cries Miss Hariott, and sits bolt upright in blank consternation; "no dinner—no—breakfast—no——"

She springs to her feet, opens the door and calls loudly for Candace.

That yellow familiar appears.

"Candace is the tea nearly ready?"

"All ready, missis—table and everything."

"Set the table for two; and, look here, broil some steak—not too rare, mind—just slightly underdone. And make coffee—she prefers coffee. And don't

be five minutes about it. Miss Reine is here, and has had no dinner."

Candace disappears. Miss Hariott returns, draws her chair close, and takes both the girl's hands in her own.

"Dear," she softly says, "are you sure there is nothing I can do for you? I want to do something so much. I am very fond of you, my little one. I suppose I was never meant to be a wife, but I surely must have been meant for a mother. If I had a daughter, I do not know I could be fonder of her than I am of you, and I would wish her to be exactly like you. Reine, if you are unhappy at your grandmother's—and I know you are—leave her, and come and live with me. Nothing would make me so happy. I have a thousand things to be thankful for; but I am a woman alone all the same, and I am lonely often enough. Be my daughter, my sister, anything you please. You know I love you, and I think you are a little—just a little—fond of your old maid friend."

"My friend! my friend!" Reine repeats, and leans forward with filling eyes to kiss her. "What would my life have been here but for you? Do not say any more to me—my heart is so full I cannot bear it. I wish I might come, but I may not; to-morrow you will know why. And when you hear all, do not think too hardly—oh! do not, for indeed I am not guilty! Could I speak and betray my brother? It is all very bitter—bitterer than death; but the very worst of it all has been the thought that you may believe what they say; and think me the despicable and guilty creature that they do."

"Is her mind wandering?" thinks Miss Hariott, in dismay.

But, no; dark, deep trouble looks at her out of those large, melancholy eyes, but not a delirious mind.

"I do not understand," she says, perplexedly. "What do you mean by guilt? What is it they accuse you of, and who are 'they'?"

"Ah! I forgot. You do not know, of course. Madame Windsor and Monsieur Longworth."

"Longworth!" cries the other, indignantly. "Do you mean to say Longworth accuses you, believes you guilty of any wrong?"

"Do not blame him," Reine says, wearily. "How can he help it? Everything is against me, and I can say nothing, do nothing. Yes, he believes me guilty, and you like him so well that I fear, I fear he will make you believe me guilty too."

"If he was an angel instead of a man, with his full share of man's blind selfishness, I would not believe one word against you. Believe! I would not listen! Have I not eyes—have I not judgment!—do I not know you well? I would stake my life on your goodness and truth, though all the gossips of Baymouth stood up with one mouth and condemned you! Oh! Little Queen, my friendship is worth more than that; one word from Longworth will not shake it. I see your ring is gone; can it be possible that all is at an end between you?"

"All! is the dreary echo.

"Since when has this been? Did it happen to-day?"

"The breaking of our engagement? Oh! no, a week ago, before he went away."

"And I knew nothing of it from either of you! Well! and what was it all about? Is Laurence Longworth going out of his senses?"

"Coming into his senses he might tell you. There is a Spanish proverb, 'A wise man changes his mind—a fool never.' Monsieur Longworth has simply shown himself a wise man, and changed his mind. Do not let us talk of it, madame. I am so weary and heart-sick of it all."

There is a heart sob in every word. Miss Hariott starts up.

"You shall not say one other word, you poor, famished child. Oh! what brutes, what blind, stupid idiots even the cleverest and best men can be! To think of Longworth's doubting you—"

"Supper, misses," says Candace, and Miss Hariott seizes her guest and leads her to the dining-room.

Reine is famished and does not know it until the fragrance of the coffee and waffles greets her. In the centre of the table the soft drop light burns; meats, sweetmeats, tea and coffee, cakes and pies, Candace's masterpieces, were spread in tempting array."

"Now," exclaims the hostess, "you

are to eat every morsel of this bit of steak, and these fried potatoes. Candace's fried potatoes are things to dream of. And you are to drink two cups of coffee, and by the time that is done you will be a living, breathing being once more. No breakfast, no dinner, no supper! Here, you shall have a toast—

Here's a health to all those that we love!

Here's a health to all those that love us!

Here's a health to all those that love them
that love those that love them that love
those that love us!"

A quaint laugh rewards the quotation. Hearts may break, but mouths must eat, and Reine really feels the need of food for the first time to day. Still her performance is eminently unsatisfactory to the giver of the feast, who frowns as she sees her most tempting dainties pushed aside almost untasted.

"A wilful girl must have her way; but if you want to come off victorious in any struggle of life, the first ingredient is a good appetite. Reine, I wish you would remain with me. That big, uncanny house and the oppressive majesty of its mistress are killing you by inches. Stay with me to-night at least."

"I cannot, indeed. I am staying longer than I ought now. Will you pardon me if I say good night at once? I feel like a new being, strengthened and refreshed since I came here. You always do me good, I cannot say what I feel, but indeed I am most grateful."

"There can be no question of gratitude between those who love, dear child—it is more blessed to give than to receive in such cases. Will you indeed go?"

"I must. I have no choice in the matter. If I had I would stay—oh! how gladly—with you for ever."

She rises and resumes her hat and jacket. Miss Hariott stands silent, watching her wistfully. She goes with her, still silent, troubled, and perplexed, to the door. It is quite dark now, windless and warm, with the weight of coming rain in the air; How Reine, pauses, holds out both hands, and looks up into the face of her friend.

"What shall I say to you, dearest, truest, best friend, of all that is in my heart? I love you, I thank you, and even if in spite of yourself they make

you think hardly of me, I will never love you nor thank you the less. Good night, good-bye—I like the English word good-bye. Good-bye, *Marraine*.”

“But only until to-morrow,” Miss Hariott says, in vague doubt and alarm. “Come and spend a long day with me to-morrow, and sing for me your pet song ‘Normandie, ma Normandie!’”

“Ah, ma Normandie. ‘Je vais revoir ma Normandie.’ It is a long time since I have sung that. Good-bye; it is time I was gone.”

And then there is a kiss, and a moment later Miss Hariott stands on her doorstep alone.

She is puzzled and annoyed, indignant with Longworth and Mrs. Windsor, without quite knowing why. What does it all mean? Some great trouble has surely befallen her little friend. There is a look in her face to-night she has never seen there before. Is it anything connected with Durand? Has he not gone? She has forgotten to ask. To-morrow she will know all. All what? And where is the girl going in such haste now? Will Longworth call to-night? She hopes so; he will clear up this mystery, and she will be able to give him a piece of her mind. Just at present Miss Hariott feels it would be an unspeakable comfort to scold somebody. Dissatisfied, curious, troubled, she shuts the door and goes back to solitude and her cheerful sitting-room.

Reine meantime hurries on. Her way to the station takes her past her church—a pale light glimmers inside, and she turns and goes in. One light only burns—the light of the “everlasting lamp”—and by its tiny ray, she sees half a dozen kneeling figures here and there. But no one looks up, all are absorbed, and she glides without noise into a pew and kneels down. Her prayer is wordless, but none the less eloquent. The cry of a tortured, humbled, agonized heart needs no words. One is there who reads hearts. *Miserere! Miserere!* is the burden of that voiceless cry. All other help is unavailing. He who listens here alone can help, and heal, and have mercy.

In the office of the Baymouth *Phoenix* gas is flaring at five o'clock this dull afternoon, and the tide of business and printing flows on rapidly and cease-

lessly. In his room the sub-editor, rather overworked during his chief's absence, is preparing to take an early departure, and moves about putting on his hat and coat, singing a cheerful though subdued stave as he does so. This is what Mr. O'Sullivan sings.—

“Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a cow.”

“I never whistled in my life and I can't whistle now.”

“Oh! whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a man.”

“I never whistled in my life—but I'll whistle if I can.”

“It's well to be seen,” says Mr. O'Sullivan, in soliloquy, “it isn't in the present day she lived, or it's the cow she'd have whistled for, not the man. If all I hear be true—and it's little I know of them except by hearsay—it's more and more mercenary the women are growing. There is Mrs. Beckwith—sure she makes no secret of what she married Beckwith for. There is Mrs. Sheldon—doesn't all the world know she threw Longworth to the dogs for Sheldon because—oh! faith, it's the cow they'd have whistled for, both of them!”

Mr. O'Sullivan sallies forth, goes to dinner, at which meal Mr. Longworth does not appear. After dinner, and a moderate amount of time spent peacefully smoking to aid digestion, the sub-editor of the *Phoenix* starts off, for his habitual constitutional. One of the prettiest walks, and that which he most affects, is the road that leads to the station.

As he draws near the church he espies in the obscurity a figure that has a vaguely familiar air. In a moment he recognizes it—it is Mademoiselle Reine Landelle. Is she going to church at this hour? There is nothing out of the common or surprising to O'Sullivan if she is; he goes himself sometimes. But as the light of the street lamp, burning in front of the building, falls full on her face, he pauses suddenly. Its deadly paleness strikes even him. Obeying an impulse, he follows her in, and takes his place in a pew near the door, where he can watch her, himself unseen.

He sees her kneel, bury her face in her hands, and so remain rigid and motionless a long time. Other people are praying around him, but their atti-

tude is not hers. Hers suggests some deep trouble or suffering. Then she rises, and the next moment she has passed the pew where he sits, and is gone.

He gets up and follows her out, still obeying that uncontrollable impulse. It is too late for her to be out alone, the night is dark, the way lonely, and drunken men from North Baymouth are sometimes about.

But she does not turn back to town. She goes straight on, to his surprise, in the direction of the station. He, too goes on, with some curiosity in his mind, but with the still stronger instinct that she is unprotected, and that it is his place, unobserved to take care of her.

She reaches the station, lighted, and filled with staring loafers. Many eyes turn upon her, and O'Sullivan can see her shrink and tremble in sudden terror.

Instantly he is by her side.

"Mademoiselle," he says, taking off his hat, "can I be of any service to you here? It's not a pleasant place for a lady to be here alone."

She turns to him and catches his arm with a look he never forgets—a look of infinite trust, and welcome, and relief.

"Oh!" she says, "is it you monsieur? Yes, I want a ticket for New York. I am going away."

For an instant he stands mute with amaze, looking at her. She sees the look and answering it, a spasm of pain crossing her colourless face.

"Oh, it seems strange," he says, "I know, alone at night; but I cannot help it. Something very unpleasant, monsieur, and I must go. Do get the ticket; it is almost time for the train to start."

The perceptive faculties of the man are keen: Instantly he knows that she is flying from her grandmother's house to return no more. Instantly, also, his resolve is taken—she shall not go alone:

"Sure, isn't it the most footnate thing in the world," he says, cheerfully "that business is taking me up, too, hot foot, this very night! It will give me the greatest pleasure in life to be of use to you on the journey, and ye know me long enough, mademoiselle, and will do me the honour, I'm sure, to command me in any way I can be of service to you. It's proud and happy I'll be if ye'll only trust me just as if ye had known me all my life."

She looks up in his face, and with a sudden, swift emotion, lifts his hand to her lips.

The dark, upraised eyes are full of tears; and the tears and the light touch of the lips move him greatly. They stand by themselves, no one near to wonder or see.

"Monsieur, I think the Almighty has sent you to me in my trouble. For I am in trouble, and I tremble at the thought of this night journey alone. Now I am not afraid; you are with me, and all is well."

"Stay here," O'Sullivan says, "and I will get the tickets. Oh, then," he adds, inwardly, "may the curse of the crows fall on whoever has brought the tears and the trouble to that sweet face! Didn't I ever and always distrust that soft-spoken young Durand—and don't I know that it's some devilment of his that has brought the trouble upon her! Wasn't it the lucky thing all out that I followed her into the chapel this evening."

He procures two tickets, writes out a brief telegram for the office, to be despatched next morning—

"Called away unexpectedly. Back in a few days."

Then he turns to Reine, and has just time to put her in a palace car before the train starts.

She is very tired. The fatigue of the preceding night, the mental strain, the long fast, have utterly exhausted her. She sinks into one of the large, softly-cushioned chairs, and falls asleep almost instantly.

O'Sullivan sits near, ostensibly reading; but he drops his paper and looks at her in pity and wonder as she sleeps deeply and quietly, like a spent child. The small, dusk face looks singularly childish in sleep. Now and then a sob catches her breath, as if the sorrows of her waking hours followed her even into dreamland. What is it all about? he wonders. Does Longworth know? O'Sullivan likes his chief; but he has never liked him less than as Reine Landelle's lover. His strongest feeling, as he sits here near her, is one of intense pleasure and pride that she trusts in him as implicitly as though he were her brother, and that fate has chosen him to be a friend to her.

If nature had added six or seven inches to Mr. O'Sullivan's stature, and shown better taste in the selection of a set of feature, this narrative might never have been written. The soul of a knight dwelt in this gentleman's body; his possibilities were infinite, his opportunities few. A woman in distress invariably appealed to his sympathies, no matter how old or ugly that woman might be.

In his character of a New York reporter how often had he nearly got his head broken by interfering between quarrelling husbands and wives—the wives, be it said, being generally the first to turn upon the peacemaker. Before beauty in distress, need it be said, that risk of limb, or life would have been the merest bagatelle.

Yes, the possibilities of heroism were strong in the O'Sullivan; but how is a little whiskerless man, with a rubicund complexion and a turn-up nose, to be heroic? If Sir Galahad had been so blighted, would he ever set forth in search of the Holy Grail? If Sir Launcelot had been so marred, would all his chivalry and the brilliant bravery have given King Arthur ground for the D. C.? The chivalry that is sublime in your tall, your stately, your handsome cavalier sinks to the ridiculous in a sub-editor of five feet five. The instinct was there, but nature and destiny were alike against it.

"Where is the good of thinking about it," more than once had thought Mr. O'Sullivan, with an impatient sigh. "If I were wrecked on a desert island with her, like Charles Reade's transcendental *omadhaun*, and we lived there together for twenty years, sure I'd be not nearer her caring for me at the end than at the beginning. She would let me gather the cocoanuts, and fry the fish, and build her a hut, and smile upon me with that beautiful smile of hers every time, and say, 'Merci, monsieur,' in that sweet voice—and by the same token it's the sweetest I ever heard at home or abroad—but fall in love with me—oh, faith no! Still I think the life would be pleasant, and upon me conscience I'd exchange the *Phoenix* office for it any day."

Neither by inclination nor constitution was the O'Sullivan a sentimental or

romantic man; very much the reverse indeed; but Reine Landelle's dark, lustrous Norman eyes had got a way somehow of floating before him and disturbing his peace of mind, after a fashion quite without precedent in his experience of ladies' eyes. Was he falling in love?

He did not know; his appetite and spirits were not impaired to any serious extent, and these he had always understood were the symptoms. Nevertheless she was something different to him from all the rest of the world.

There was a strong bond of friendship between him and Longworth. He admired prodigiously the superior talents of his chief. There were few of life's good gifts he would have grudged him; but when his engagement to Reine was made known he came very near it. What the feeling was in O'Sullivan's case, who is to say? It would have been love, deep and true, strong and tender, in a taller, handsomer, more dignified man.

For Reine—ah, well, Reine liked him cordially, and trusted him implicitly by instinct, and without knowing why. She had always a frank smile of welcome for the good-humoured, round-faced, rather elderly young man, whose bald forehead she looked down upon every Sunday from the choir, and who usually walked home with her after service. That he could fall in love with her, that he could fall in love with any one, was a funny idea that never entered her head.

She slept all night. The train flew on, and in his seat O'Sullivan dozed fitfully, and at intervals. His profession had rendered night work of any sort second nature—owls and newspaper men being always at their briskest when the rest of the world virtually sleeps. It was only when the train went thundering into the station that the hub-bub around her fully awoke Reine. She sat up with a startled look, to meet the friendly, reassuring face of her companion.

"Where are we?" she asks. "Have I been asleep?"

"We are in New York, and it is a beautiful sleep ye have had of it all night," replies Mr. O'Sullivan, and rises and proffers his arm. Reine takes it,

and steps out into the noisy station, still half bewildered. "This way ma'amselle. We'll find a hack, and it's lucky we have no trunk to detain us. Is there any particular piece?"

"No," Reine says, in a distressed voice, "I do not know where to go. Oh, what would I ever have done, monsieur, if I had not met you?"

"Then I'll just take you to an hotel for the present, and when we have had breakfast in comfort and quiet we'll step out and look about us. If you could only make up your mind to let me know what you mean to do, maybe I could be more useful to you. If it's Mr. Durand ye want to find——"

"No, no," Reine interrupts. "Oh, no! I never want to see Leonce again. Monsieur, how very strange all this must seem to you, I know; and you have been so good a friend to me—heavens, how good!—that I must tell you why I have run away. For you know I have run away, do you not? No one in the world knows I am here. Oh, I fear, I fear, you must think very badly of me for this."

"Mademoiselle," responds Mr. O'Sullivan, brusquely, "that is nonsense. I could not think badly of you, or of anything you might do, if I tried. I don't want to know why you have come—only I know what it must be like living with that high and mighty old Juno, your grandmother. I only wonder you have stood it so long. Don't say one word, Ma'amselle Reine. Can I not see that it distresses you, and am I not ready to take your word for it when you say you had to come?"

"You are generous," she says, brokenly, and she thinks with a pang how different all might have been if the man who professed to love her had trusted her like this; "but I must still tell you. Madame Windsor, as you know, always disliked Monsieur Durand."

"More betoken some others of us did the same," says, inwardly, Mr. O'Sullivan.

"The night before last," pursues Reine, still in that agitated voice, "some one—some man forced an entrance into the house and stole a large sum of money. My grandmother suspects and accuses Leonce; she accuses me of being his accomplice. She said

some very bitter and cruel things to me—things so bitter and cruel that I can never forget them—I do not know that I can ever forgive—and so I came away. I could not stay. I was called a thief. My father, my dear, dead father was called—— Oh, she was cruel, cruel, cruel!"

She buries her face in her hands, and breaks down for the first time in a very passion of sobs. O'Sullivan listens in fiery wrath.

"The old catamaran! the old Witch of Endor! Oh, then, may it come back hot and heavy on herself, and may I live to see it! But, Mademoiselle Reine, sure ye'll pardon me for naming him, wasn't there Longworth, and as ye are engaged ought you not to have seen him and told him before you left? He would have taken your part against her——"

He stops as Reine looks up, a flash of scorn drying the tears in her eyes.

"He take my part! He my friend! May heaven protect me from such friends! Monsieur, he knew, and took sides with her against me. He believes me to be a liar and a thief. One day I may learn to forgive her—she is old and prejudiced, and never liked me. But him! Monsieur, I will never forgive your friend my whole life long."

"Now, by the Lord Harry!" cries O'Sullivan, with flashing eyes, "if any one else of all the world had told me this of Longworth I couldn't have believed it. Is the man mad to doubt you? Oh, upon my conscience, this is a burning shame all out!"

But Reine is growing calm again, the tears are dried, and the fierce indignation has died in slow, sadness out of her eyes.

"No," she says, earnestly, "no, monsieur, you must not quarrel with your friend for me. You must not tell him you know anything of me—— Why do you laugh?"

"Truly, mademoiselle, that would be a difficult matter. Tell him I know nothing of you! Sure wasn't there twenty, if there was one, on the platform when we left, and won't it be over the town before noon to-day? The man or women who can keep a secret in Baymouth will have something to do, upon me faith."

She looks at him in silence, wistful, distressed, perplexed.

"Was it wrong for you to come with me?" she asks.

"Wrong! If it was, I would like somebody to tell me what is right. If I had a sister," says O'Sullivan, with rather a heightened colour, "circumstanced as you were, and obliged to run for it, wouldn't I be proud and thankful if any friend of hers or mine would step to the fore and take charge of her? It's not the things that set the tongues of gossip wagging most that are most wrong—you'll find that out if you live long enough. But this is all a waste of time, and we are close upon the hotel. Just tell me what you plans are, mademoiselle; there isn't an inch of New York I don't know better than my prayers, and there's no telling the service I may be of to you. Is it your intention to remain here?"

"Can I do better, monsieur? It is a great city; and in a great city it is always easiest to earn one's living is it not? And I have come to earn my living."

He looks at her in pity. Earn her own living! So young, so friendless, so ignorant of the world she has come to face and fight! Oh, for the power to win her from them all, to shield her forever from life's cares, and struggles and work. It is a moment before he spoke.

"Your mind is fully made up?" he asks. "You do not intend to return to Baymouth?"

"Never, monsieur. I will die first!"

"Not even if Longworth——"

"Do not name him!" she cries, her eyes lighting passionately. "I never want to hear his name, or see his face, as long as I live!"

"I beg your pardon." Yes, it is quite true that up to the present O'Sullivan has always liked his chief; but the glow that fills his heart as he listens to this outburst against him is not one of resentment. "Then may I ask what you propose to do?"

"I could teach French," she says, the anxious tone returning, "or German. I could teach vocal or instrumental music. I could be a governess."

Mr. O'Sullivan looks more than doubtful.

"I do not think governesses are greatly

in demand in New York, and the market is drugged with male and female teachers of French, and German, and music. And then, under the most favourable circumstances, it takes time to get pupils. I have thought of something——" He pauses, and eyes her doubtfully. "But maybe you may think it derogatory."

"Tell me what it is; do not hesitate. I will do anything—anything that is safe, and honest, and respectable—for a living."

"I admire your spirit, mademoiselle, it's the sort get to along with; but then, sure, you're proud, if you'll pardon my saying so——"

She smiles faintly.

"I am not proud about work. Try me and see. And any plan you propose will be good, I am sure. What is it?"

"Well, then, 'tis this," says Mr. O'Sullivan. "I have a friend. She is a townswoman of my own, and she keeps a millinery establishment in Grand-street. It is not a fashionable locality, and she's not a fashionable woman, but a better creature never drew the breath of life. She'd be good to you, and that's what ye want; she'd let you live with her, and take care of you, and be company for you, and keep you from dying of loneliness in this big city. You could advertise for the pupils if you liked, and meantime you would have a home, a salary, and something to do, and sure that same is a blessing when we're miserable. If you like, ma'amselle, I'll go around and see her after breakfast, and hear what she says."

Reine clasps her hands gratefully.

"Monsieur, it is the very thing. Oh, how kind and thoughtful you are; and what have I done to deserve—how can I prove my gratitude?"

"That you trust me is all I ask. Here we are, mademoiselle, and I'm not sorry, for a long night's ride makes a man's appetite mighty painful."

Reine is shown to a room where she can bathe her face and arrange her hair. Then comes breakfast, and as she sits opposite bright little Mr. O'Sullivan she thinks of that last hotel breakfast five months ago, and her heart swells with bitterness and indignation. How, cruel, how merciles he had been—how unlike this man who sits beside her.

He has asked her to marry him, but he is ready to distrust her every word, to place the worst construction on her every action. He has refused to believe in her—he has said things to her never to be forgotten or forgiven. And on that night when he had come and cast her off with scorn and insult, she had sat and thought him noble, generous, and good. And he was to all the rest of the world—to her alone he could be harsh, and unjust, and without pity.

Immediately after breakfast Mr. O'Sullivan sallies forth, and rides down to Grand-street to the fashionable establishment of Mrs. M. Murphy. The M stands for Michael, a good euphonious baptismal, but Michael has departed, and his relict rather sinks it. Murphy and millinery, taken in conjunction, go badly enough—the “Michael,” if forced upon the customers, would damn the business altogether.

“I have come to ask a favour of ye, Mrs. M., says the O'Sullivan, after the preliminaries of friendly greeting. “I want ye to take an apprentice. She's a French young lady—from Paris all the way, and sure that is an offer ye ought to jump at. ‘Mrs. M. Murphy, associated with the elegant and *recherche* young Parisienne, Mademoiselle Reine Landelle.’ Wouldn't that sound well now on the half-yearly circulars? But then, I forgot. The name mustn't appear. It's a great secret, Mrs. Murphy. She's of one of the very first families in the land. Her relations are worth a mint of money, but she has an old witch of a grandmother that a saint couldn't put up with, and the end of it is she has had to run away. She wanted to go, and teach French and music—there's not a language nor accomplishment going she hasn't got; but says I to her, ‘There's Mrs. Murphy, she a friend and compatriot of my own, and it's a French young lady of taste and elegance she has been looking for this many a day. It's delighted she'll be to get ye. I'll go to her,’ says I, ‘this very minute.’ And here I am, and such a chance ye'll never get again while your name is Mary Murphy.”

“Well, now, but you're the quare man Mr. O'Sullivan,” says Mrs. Murphy, folding her hands across the counter, and looking at him shrewdly, with

twinkling eyes. “Is this some devilment ye're up to? I'd not put it past ye. Or is there a young lady in the case? If there is, none of your nonsense now, but tell me all about her.”

“May I never, Mrs. Murphy, if its not the gospel truth,” asseverates Mr. O'Sullivan, with earnestness, and thereupon begins and relates, so far as he may, the history of Mdle. Reine Landelle's flight from friends and home.

That Mr. O'Sullivan does not unconsciously embellish we are not prepared to say; is not judicious embellishing naked facts his trade? That he narrates dramatically and eloquently there can be no doubt. Mrs. Murphy's sympathies are aroused as a great many interjected “Oh, the crayture!” “See that now!” “Ah, then, the Lord look down on her!” betray.

Mrs. M. Murphy is a lady of tender heart and boundless good nature. She owes Mr. O'Sullivan, as she owns, “many's a good turn,” and is well disposed to oblige him. That Mdle. Landelle knows absolutely nothing of the art of millinery is a drawback. “But sure, then, French ladies do always have the height of taste,” is what she adds reflectively. And ntil mademoiselle has acquired the rudiments it will not be fair to ask Mrs. Murphy to remunerate her, and immediately a pecuniary transaction passes between the friends, which elicits from the lady the admiring remark—

“Sure, then, Mr. O'Sullivan, it's yourself hasn't a stingy bone in your body, and faith I'll bite my tongue out before I ever drop the laste hint of it. Maybe then 'tis somethin' more than a friend this same young lady is to ye?”

Nothing of the kind, Mrs. M., says O'Sullivan, hastily. “Don't even breathe a word like that in her hearing. Mind, she's none of your common sort, but a lady born and bred, and only under a cloud for the present. Take care of her as if she were your own daughter, and I'll never forget your good nature in this as I live.”

They shake hands across the counter, and he departs. Mrs. Murphy looks after him until he is out of sight.

“It's a better world it would be if there were more of your sort, Mr. O'Sullivan,” she soliloquizes. “You're a short

man but may I never if you hav'n't a heart the size of bushel basket."

O'Sullivan returns to Reine jubilant with success, Mrs. Murphy is only too delighted to receive a French assistant; she will pay her a stipend of thirty shillings per week for the present, and more as she becomes proficient in the profession. She has a spare bedroom that will do admirably for the young lady, and she is to go to her new home this very day.

"I know her well," says Mr. O'Sullivan. "No better creature lives. She is neither educated nor polished, but a truer friend and protector, a safer and happier home, you could not find."

"How good you are! how good you are!" is all Reine can say, her heart. Almost too full of gratitude and thankfulness for words. "I will thank you, I will think of you, I will pray for you always."

Mr. O'Sullivan sighs. Prayers are very good, so are thanks, but they are not quite the return he longs for most. That, however, it is no use thinking of. When we cannot have great, we must learn to be thankful for small mercies.

An hour later and Reine is taken to Grand-street, and the broad maternal bosom of Mrs. Murphy.

"When do you return to Baymouth?" she asks, as the O'Sullivan is about to take his departure.

"Not for a few days, I think. I do not often get a holiday, and now that I have taken one I intend to make the most of it. I have more friends and acquaintances in New York than I could hunt up in a month of Sundays. And than I don't want to go until I see you quite settled and content in your new home."

She gives him a grateful look.

"Ah! monsieur, your goodness is too great. When you go back tell no one where I am, or what I am doing. Say to Miss Hariott, when you see her, that I am well and safe, and send her always my dearest love. Marie I will write to—and for the rest, I have no friend."

"I will do everything you say, mademoiselle," he answers quietly and departs.

CHAPTER XXXV.

MARIE SPEAKS.

At the window of a private parlour of a Boston hotel, Mdle. Marie Landelle sits gazing out at the throng passing and repassing uninterruptedly up and down Tremont street. She is dressed in white her abundant yellow-red hair falls in a crimped glistening shower to her slender waist. She looks fair enough, lovely enough, serene enough for some white Greuze goddess as she sits. So thinks Frank Dexter, coming hastily in with a bundle of papers and letters, pausing in the doorway to gaze and admire.

See her as often as he may, her fresh, fair loveliness comes ever upon him as a surprise. At a little distance Mrs. Dexter reclines on a lounge, half asleep.

The yachting trip has been incontinently cut short by the sea-sickness of Miss Landelle. On the second day out she declared pathetically she must be brought back to die. The trip to Georgia by sea was therefore given up, to Frank's profound regret, but whether by sea or land, so long as Marie was his travelling companion, earth was elysium, and she the most beautiful mortal in it.

"Letters, Frank?" says Mrs. Dexter, rising on her elbow. "Any for me, my dear?"

"One from Baymouth, from Miss Hariott, I opine. None for you, Miss Marie. A paper for me, in Totty Sheldon's writing—a *Phoenix*, I suppose. As if any one safely out of Baymouth ever cared to hear of it again."

"I care a great deal," says Marie, with one of her faint smiles. "Read us the *Phoenix* news, Mr. Frank."

"With pleasure," says Frank, briskly, and taking a seat near, tears off the wrapper and opens the sheet. "Yes, a *Phoenix*. And what is this marked in characters of blood?"

"Blood!" repeats Miss Landelle, startled.

"Well, red ink then. What! Listen to this mademoiselle. Listen to this, *madre mio*. 'Dastardly Housebreaking! A Bold Burglary!'—they spare no capitals in the *Phoenix* office—"The Mansion of Mrs. Windsor Broken Into Robbed!" By Jove!"

Marie starts upright with a faint cry.

Mrs. Dexter, also with a startled look, glances up from her letter. Frank excitedly reads on—

“One of the boldest and most daring outrages ever perpetrated in our usually peaceful and law abiding town was last night committed. The mansion of the well-known and most esteemed lady, Mrs. Windsor, was feloniously broken into at the hour of two this morning, and robbed of nearly two thousand pounds. The money had only been paid Mrs. Windsor on the preceding evening, and how the burglar obtained his knowledge of its whereabouts remains a mystery. An open back window showed how he entered and escaped. His entrance aroused Mrs. Windsor from slumber, when, with a daring brutality which shows he came prepared for any emergency, he immediately applied a sponge saturated with chloroform to her nostrils and stupefied her. He then secured his booty and fled. Suspicion has fallen upon a young foreigner, who of late has been creating somewhat of a sensation in our quiet town, as on the morning following the robbery he absconded by the earlist train, and has not since been heard of. It is hoped our police will use every vigilance in pursuing the perpetrator of this audacious robbery and bring him to summary justice.”

The paper drops from Frank's hand in dismay. He looks at Marie and sees her sitting in her chair, white as ashes, staring at him in stony silence while he reads.

“This is horrible!” he says, in a agitated voice. “There must be some strange mistake. They can't mean Durand.”

“Oh, dear me,” says Mrs. Dexter, sitting suddenly upright, and gazing at her letter; “this is most distressing. I must read you this, my dear Miss Landelle, for she tells me to, and it is really quite shocking. Listen—

(To be continued.)

Though everything is not right and perfect in the world, we cannot help thinking that, if we took the pleasure in seeking out good things that we do in the search for evil, we should find ourselves better men, and discover much hidden treasure which we tread daily under foot.

CANADIAN ESSAYS.

“THE O'SCOLAIDHE MONUMENT”

BY JOSEPH K. FORAN.

THERE are, in Ireland, many places of great interest, whether from the beauty of their surroundings, the antiquity of their monuments or the historical memories that cling to and linger about them. There are also many places the names of which are well known to the public, but the real history, and true description of which are not sufficiently within the reach of the general reading public. Of these perhaps the town of Cashel is one of the most famous and most interesting. The portrait of the Archbishop of Cashel which appeared in the last number of THE HARP recalled to our mind several works of great interest which have been written upon the subject. Of these works one of the truest and richest is “Cashel of the Kings” by John Davis White, the patriotic and learned editor of the “Cashel Gazette.” Mr. White has also written a work called “a guide to the Rock of Cashel.” This was published in 1877 and is in pamphlet form. His work upon “Cashel of the Kings,” speaks of the antiquity of the place, of the Bishops, Abbots, Kings and of the different families that are recorded as belonging to the ancient line of monarchs that once held sway in the old town. In these works there are things told that might be of great interest to many of the Irish people in Canada, and it is with a view to present to them some of the fruits of Mr. White's labors in the old town of Cashel, and to give to the public on this side of the Atlantic, the story of certain records and monuments which they could never be able to find published in America, that we have changed the groove of poetry in which we ran along for some time back and turned upon another track. They say that too much of a good thing is good for nothing and most certainly the public as well as the individual can get tired of poetry and the poets, if they chance to get an overdose of them.

We headed this essay, “The O'Scolaidhe monument” and we purpose

here giving a short synopsis of the description of this monument and the Cross of Cashel as taken from the pen of Mr. White. The Cross of Cashel was erected in 1870 and placed on the O'Scolaidhe monument. The latter was built in 1867. It stands on St. Patrick's Rock 150 feet above the surrounding plain. "Beyond the ruins of King Cormac's Chapel is the old Cross of Cashel, of an antique shape, representing on one side the Crucifixion of Our Lord, and on the other an Episcopal figure of St. Patrick. The cross consists of one block of sandstone, placed upon another huge monolith of unknown antiquity, commonly supposed to have been a Druidical altar and Coronation stone of the Munster Kings. After King Ængus had been baptized by St. Patrick A. D. 448 close to that Pagan Altarstone, it was long known as *Leac Phatruic*, or Patrick's stone, at which the *Cain Phatruic*, or Patrick's tribute was paid to the Archbishops of Armagh down to the Anglo-Norman invasion."

The new cross contrasts with the old one. There is no metal either in the monument, the vault under it or in the cross. They were built not for an age, but to last for centuries. The material is the best sandstone from near Thurles. The whole is styled O'Scolaidhe monument, because the family vault of that race is beneath the monument. Mr. White gives the dimensions of cross and monument and vault but it would be too lengthy to enter into them and they would not be of as much interest as the record of the inscriptions and sculpturings. We will give the latter details in full from the work we hold in hand and in the words of the author. Some very interesting and very instructive historical facts are here recorded upon the cold stone of the monument and cross and there they will remain, in all likelihood for many ages yet to come.

"On a light grey sandstone, above the entrance door of the vault, is the name 'O'Scolaidhe,' in ancient Irish characters, surmounting the monument, but below the motto stone and the sculptured pedestal of the cross, is the inscrip-

tion stone, in front of which stone is the following:—

IN MEMORIAM

Patris Præclari

DIONYSII SCULLY O'Scolaidhe

Necnon Matris Amatae

CATHARINE SCULLY *ortu* EYRE

Hoc Sepulchrum statuit

VINCENTUS SCULLY

A.D. MDCCCLXVII.

On the southern aspect of the inscription stone facing towards numerous family tombs, is the following:

JUXTA JACENT DE GENTE

O'SCOLAIDHE

(Here the author gives a whole series of family names with dates of births and deaths. As they can be of no great interest we will pass them over—the other two faces of the monument are yet unscribed).

"In front of the shaft are three panels, each 3 feet 6 inches high, representing legendary incidents in the life of St. Patrick: as a captive, as a shepherd and as the Apostle of Ireland.—

First—A young Roman Patrician.

Patricius, named Succat (Æt 16—A.D. 405), as a captive before King Nial of the nine Hostages:

Next:—A shepherd (Æt. 23. A.D. 412), meditating, at break of day, an escape from his captivity.

Thirdly:—A Bishop (Æt 59 A.D. 448), baptising Ængus, King of Munster, whose crown rests on the *Leac Phatruic*: and inadvertently piercing the King's foot with the spike of his pastoral staff, known as his *Bachal Iosa* or staff of Jesus."

Having described the ornaments upon the angles and corners of the cross the author continues to speak of the different pieces of sculpture that most attract the attention of the artist's eye, "on the back of the cross is Christ sitting in Judgment, with the good souls to his right and the bad souls to his left, surmounted by a winged angel blowing two trumpets, and overhead the Divine Hand, copied from a casting of that at Monasterboice. Below Christ is the Archangel Michael, calling up unjust souls from beneath his feet."

He then describes several symbolic pieces of work as for example a lamb and cross to represent Faith and an anchor to represent Hope and a pierced heart to represent Charity, several small specimens of old Irish crosses are here and there scattered over the monument and cross. On one panel is the monogram VSS, composed of swords and serpents to symbolize Prudence and Valor.

The Ascension of our Lord and Assumption of the Blessed Virgin are represented on the other side of the large cross.

"In the small panels, at the extreme ends of the arms, there are (on the south side) two crossed fishes, with the letters J. H. S.—Jesus Hominum Salvator; and (on the north side) Alpha, Omega, with an ornament composed of Greek letters X. P. I., originally signifying the first three letters in the name of Christ; but more recently inverted into the Roman letters PIX, and in that form adapted by the order of Passionists, so as to signify *Pasio Jesu Christi*."

After going around the cross to the south side and having spoken of the different minor ornaments he thus continues:—

"In the centre panel, on the south side, there is an erect figure of the celebrated Cormac Mac Cullinan, King-Archbishop of Cashel with mitred crown and sword. Also the Crozier of Cashel, said to have been discovered in his own sarcophagus, and holding in his left hand Cormac's Glossary, with his Psalter of Cashel. In a corresponding panel on the north side, is an archiepiscopal figure of St. Patrick (*Æt.* 100, A.D 490), supposed to be expelling venomous reptiles from Ireland." Mr. White then refers to the circular ring or halo so characteristic of the ancient Irish crosses.

"In the front panel of the pedestal is a Phoenix, enveloped by flames, springing out of an Irish crown, with a rising sun in the background, and underneath the motto—*Sine labe resurges*."

The Phoenix is an ancient emblem of the resurrection, frequently found in the catacombs of the early christians.

The other designs relate to family subjects and several figures are taken from original portraits or photographs.

On the south panel, which faces the tomb of Denys Scully, that distinguished writer, (*Æt.* 37 A.D. 1811), appears seated in his study, composing his celebrated "Statement of the Penal Laws," which was first published in 1812, and who was honored with a state trial in February 1813. Underneath this panel are the words, *Pater Præclarus*, on the north panel is a death-bed scene with the words—*Mater Amata*. on the back panel is a family group of six, looking with amazement at day-break at the new Cross of Cashel, supposed to have been supernaturally built during the night. In the far distance is a rising sun immediately behind the cross, and under is the motto *In Hoc Signo Vincent*."

Such is the accurate description of the new cross of Cashel as given by one who has made a life study of Irish Antiquities and above all of the stones, legends, monuments &c, connected with the historic old rock that rises itself sublimely from the plains of Tipperary, and with the majestic stamp of a glorious antiquity upon its brow, looks down upon the land of the silver streams and golden vales.

Having read the above description one, even here across the vast Atlantic can form an idea of how truly grand and beautiful must be that new monument, and how forcibly and yet strangely it must contrast with these olden relics of buried ages that raise their heads beside it. Within a very short distance of Cashel are some of the oldest and most cherished monuments of Irish antiquity. How wonderful it is, that around that old rock, within a certain circle, all these ruins and abbeys and towers &c, should be found and that today, after the hand of Time had vainly striven to overthrow them, they live to smile with a fatherly smile upon this new-born monument this gorgeous work of the present time.

From the rock of Cashel you can see Hoar Abbey, called once the "St. Mary's Abbey of the rock of Cashel," and it is yet in a good state of preservation. We have near Cashel, St. Dominick's Abbey, that dates from 1480. Again there is St. John's Abbey, on the churchyard walls of which are the statues of four knights, one of which was Sir William Hackett, who built the

Franciscan Abbey, the site of which is now occupied by the modern Roman Catholic Church. And St. Nicholas' Abbey or Chancery is still there near the old military barracks—while about a quarter of a mile from the town on the right hand side of the Cahir road stands the Leper Hospital.

About seven miles from Cashel on the way to Thurles stands the grand old abbey of Holycross. Between four and five miles from the town about three quarters of a mile beyond the village of Golden is the ancient abbey of Athassel. The old Church of Donoughmore is not far from Clerihan on the way to Clonmel, one of the most ancient churches in the country. About seven miles from Cashel is the island of Derrynarlow, in Lurgoe, the burial place of Ireland's famous Gobawn Saer—further on about seventeen miles from the town is Kilcooley Abbey.

What a place of interest this little town must be, and what a centre of real attraction it must have ever been for those who love to study the antiquities of that olden land. It is with the object of bringing some of those historical scenes into notice and of doing honor and giving credit to such men as John Davis White that we purpose dedicating a few essays to those subjects. And sincerely we hope that they may prove of some interest to the public and above all to the descendants of Irish people upon Canadian soil.

Green Park, Aylmer, P.Q.

CHIT-CHAT.

—When will Englishmen of education and even culture be logical when writing of Ireland? The *Spectator* of June 11th is wrathful that the Irish members should have the spirit to resent lies and libels upon their country. Colonel Tottenham in the House of Commons asked a question of which he had given no previous notice, as to a story which turned out to be false, that Mr. Daly, son of Lord Dunsandle had been shot at Loughrea in the county Galway; and taking the question for granted he attributed the crime to the Land League, that *bête noir* of insane old English women of both genders. As the story was

only another of Mr. Forster's "outrages made to order," Mr. O'Connor *very properly and very truly* charged the Colonel with "mendaciously" attributing these murders or attempts to murder to the Land League. We say "very properly and very truly," because to ask a question, and before it is answered, to take it for granted as true, is *mendacious*, and to attribute a crime taken for granted before proved, to the Land League is "mendaciously" to attribute it. Here upon "Ye Gentlemen of England," with that characteristic love of fair play which they boast so much of, and practice so little, declared this language so true and so graphic "unparliamentary" and Mr. O'Connor had to substitute a less accurate and less truth-telling term, stung to the quick by this fresh outrage—this insult added to injury; Mr. O'Kelly rose to demand of the House, whether there was no protection to be had against gentlemen making statements "which were calumnious and lying;" whereupon the speaker named Mr. O'Kelly, and he was suspended by the House on Mr. Gladstone's motion by 188 against 14.

—Now in reading this, we beg our readers to bear carefully in mind, that all this occurred, not in the Lime Kiln Club, not a in senate of niggers but in an assembly of the first gentlemen of England, the British House of Commons to wit. It may be all very necessary to keep the British House of Parliament free from Billingsgate; but surely the proper way to do that is to keep the British House of Parliament free from those acts, which evoke Billingsgate. A poet does not order his horse in blank verse—a preacher does not preach to a congregation of clod-hoppers in sesquipedalian words. It is necessary for every man to adapt his language to the society in which he finds himself and if "ye Gentlemen of England" will utter lies, they can only be met with words, which express mendacity. It is Colonel Tottenham that ought to have been suspended by a vote of 188 against 14, not Mr. O'Kelly. But it has been ever thus in England's conduct towards Ireland. In every school the fag is flogged for the mis-deeds of the "big bully." Mr. Speaker was only emulating

the conduct of a weak minded pedagogue, when he named Mr. O'Kelly; and the gallant Colonel, and Mr. Gladstone was only carrying out the policy of centuries, when he as Prime Minister lent himself to the dirty work. And yet we are expected to be enamoured of English justice! and fair play! Well! we will try to become so—please the pigs!

—It is these petty injustices, which show most clearly the absolute necessity of Home Rule for Ireland. If men will be unjust, when the temptation is light, as in small things, what will they not be when the temptation is grievous, as in great things. If they do this in the green wood what will they not do in the dry, moreover; they show the utter incompatibility of temper in the parties joined,—these petty injustices.

—“But they *are* joined and you would not surely favor *divorce*,” Well! we don't know. It is related of a certain French Curé that, like Mr. Freeman of historian renown, he could not answer without a “distinguo” (I distinguish). On one occasion his bishop in order to try him, thinking to put a question to him, to to which there could be no “distinguo” (I distinguish) asked: M. le Curé, would it be lawful to baptize in soup? Monseigneur! answers the Curé distinguo. (I distinguish). In such episcopal soup as we are now enjoying negative, (no). In such innocent soup as is generally the lot of a Curé affirmative, (yes).

Now on this question of favouring divorce, distinguo. There are divorces and divorces. Whom God hath joined let no man put asunder; *but* whom the devil has joined let every man seek to part.

—Speaking of his Satanic Majesty, it is astonishing how often in the popular mind “the devil is an ass.” At Stavelst in the Ardennes, so the popular legend goes, one Remacius, a holy man, had determined to build an abbey in order to overthrow the power of the Prince of Darkness, who had full sway in those parts. Satan having come to the knowledge of this attack by an outsider upon one of his strongholds, naturally did his best to hinder the good work.

Many but vain were his attempts. At length as a *dernier* resort for Satandom he determined to heave a great block of quartz at the roof of the abbey in the middle of Mass, Remacius, either through the vigilance of his subordinate, or by defections from Satandom, (we know not which) became aware of this design, and heard that the Prince of all the devils, Satan to wit, was even then on the road at no great distance with a huge rock as big as Mount Blanc upon his back. Things looked stormy for Stavelst. But the good Remacius was equal to the occasion. Hastily causing all the old shoes and sandals of the district to be collected and stuffed into a sack, he sent “the most saintly of the brethren” (sinners should keep out of bad company) with this precious burden upon his shoulders to meet the enemy. With such ammunition it might be supposed that this “most saintly of the brethren” was about to engage single handed (but multitudinously shod) with the evil one: No such thing. Remacius either by personal acquaintance, or the tongues of others, knew his customer. In due time “the most saintly of the brethren” met “the least saintly of sinners (euphuisms came in with Queen Bess) toiling up a hill groaning and perspiring under his load of quartz. “How far my good man!” quoth Satan wiping the sweat from his brow with a kerchief of asbestos,” is it to Stavelst? Without speaking “the most saintly” emptied out his cargo of old shoes and sandals upon the plain and pointed to them as a whole eventually singling out certain of the worst specimens in the pack for his majesty's minute inspection. This was enough for Satan. “What! worn all these out on the road since you left there? eh?” queried he, and like Colonel Tottenham without waiting for a reply, he threw down his burden and disappeared in a smoke smelling villanously of brimstone and saltpetre. Stavelst was freed from the machinations of the evil one by the sharp practice of the most saintly, and the ass-ishness of the evil one. Surely “the devil is an ass.”

Moral. Always wait, your satanic majesty and Colonel Tottenham my dear sirs! for a reply, when you have asked a question.

—In the matter of history Mr. Freeman is so well informed that like the French Curé in theology, he cannot answer you a question without one or two qualifications. Great Britain is generally considered an island, Mr. Freeman, seeing that Great Britain includes the Isle of Wight, the Channel Islands and the Scilly Islands, insists that it is "a group of islands." You must beware of Mr. Freeman, when you speak of England as *an island*. For an Englishman to speak of Dutch William as William III is barely tolerable in Mr. Freeman's eyes. With a Scotchman he should be William II; with an Irishman William I. If you venture an opinion that Napoleon Bonaparte was "a great man," Mr. Freeman will remind you he was barely five feet four. We do not like Mr. Freeman! H.B.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.*

We have received from the publishers a copy of this very remarkable and very interesting treatise on the great question—the burning question now agitating Ireland and engaging so much of the attention of the thoughtful and civilized people of the world—especially those of European countries where the requirements of a large population press heavily and constantly upon limited agricultural resources.

Mr. George treats the subject from a philosophic and philanthropic point of view and does not confine himself to the present Irish phase of it; but regards it as the great question of the future which he hopes to see settled not by the remedies at present proposed—such as the Irish Land Bill, which he considers totally inadequate,—but by the abolition of all private property in land and the assumption of the same by the State for the general benefit of the community.

Mr. George's method of applying this remedy would not involve any compensation to landlords, as they never had, in his opinion, any legitimate claim to the land,—it was always the property of the people, represented by the state. He would simply abolish all kinds of taxes—Customs, Excise, Income, License,

and all other taxes, and impose, in their stead, a tax on the value of land exclusive of improvements—this would "saddle all public expenses on the landlords"—place upon the holders of land the burden of supporting the State. In other words, land would be leased from the State and the rent would go into the general coffer. This is the theory propounded by Mr. George in an earnest, bold and brilliant style warm with the eloquence which enthusiastic thought and large human sympathy impart.

Nevertheless, we do not agree with the principles of the writer; we consider them fallacious and they seem to us to savor too much of modern socialism and communism. His theory like many others propounded by philosophical dreamers with large hopes and benevolent designs in favor of the least fortunate of this world, has a fascinating appearance to those who have everything to expect; but, we fear, it would not work out so well in practice.

There have been examples of its operation in semi-barbarous times; but as civilization advanced, it disappeared, and the State found it best to dispossess itself of the direct ownership of the soil, while, at the same time, maintaining such ultimate control of it as the general interests of the community should necessitate. The author makes no attempt to enter into details and show how his theory would operate. He merely flings it out in a frank and striking way. He lectured in this city some little time ago, on the same theme and we went to hear him, expecting an illustration of how this tax upon the bare value of land and upon nothing else would practically operate—preferring to have it explained to us than to think it out for ourselves; but we were disappointed—there was no illustration of the scheme vouchsafed.

It is generally recognized, we believe, that property in land is different from all other kinds, of property and must be made subordinate to the interest of the State. There is no absolute private ownership of land any more than there is absolute private ownership of water stretches, but we fail to see that duly restricted private ownership of land is such a wrong or such a folly as to call

*THE IRISH LAND QUESTION, by Henry George: D. Appleton & Co., New York.

for general confiscation. We are not aware that such a principle as Mr. George advances can be based upon any sound philosophical or moral ground. John Stuart Mill says—

“The principle of property gives land-owners a right to compensation for whatever portion of their interest in the land it may be the policy of the State to deprive them of. To that their claim is indefeasible.”

“The Legislature, which if it pleased might convert the whole body of landlords into fundholders or pensioners, might, *a fortiori*, commute the average receipts of Irish land owners into a fixed rent charge and raise the tenants into proprietors, supposing always (without which these acts would be nothing better than robbery) that the full market value of the land was tendered to the landlords, in case they preferred that to accepting the conditions proposed.”

The Irish agitators and the Land League do not uphold such a principle as Mr. George inculcates.

The Irish people having suffered by confiscation do not call for the application of the homeopathic principle in their own behalf now—“that like cures like.” They do not want injustice cured by injustice. The Irish tenant farmers do not want the land from the landlords without compensation—they do not call for the application of any communistic remedy.

Their claims are built upon the irrefragable foundations of universal justice and upon such principles of political economy as those laid down by Mill; and they demand, “in the general interests of the community,” which have been so shamefully and systematically violated by landlords in Ireland, that the State shall exercise its sovereign control of the land, so as to give them fixity of tenure, fair rents, just compensation for their labor, free and facile methods of sale and transfer, the removal of entails and other restrictions to purchase, so that the people who cultivate the soil and make it productive may, in time, and upon fair compensation to the present proprietors, become its owners, and the curse of large proprietorship by grasping absentees represented by exacting tyrannical and inhuman agents, may be withdrawn from the starving victims it has crushed so long.

ARCHBISHOP BOURGET.

In the present number we present our readers with a faithful woodcut of His Grace Ignace Bourget, Archbishop of Martianapolis. We have no intention of giving anything more than the merest outline of the career of this eminent prelate. To write his life and times would occupy far more space than we can give and to do the subject justice would require a narrative of the trials and triumphs, the joys and the sorrows of the Catholic Church in this Province during the last half-century. The Venerable Archbishop has now attained his eighty-second year, having been born on the 30th of October, 1799, in the Parish of Point Levis, in the District of Quebec. His early education was received in the College of Nicolet, and at the Seminary of Quebec. In 1821 he came to the city of Montreal as secretary to the late Monseigneur Lartigue, Bishop of this diocese. In the year 1837 he was appointed coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, under the title of Bishop of Telmosse, and was consecrated on the 25th of July of that year. In 1840 he became Bishop of Montreal on the decease of the lamented Monseigneur Lartigue, and in 1854 was further honored by the appointment of Assistant at the Pontifical Throne; on his retirement from the Bishopric of Montreal he was named Archbishop of Martianapolis, on the 10th of July, 1876. He is now the Dean of the British American Episcopacy and of the clergy of the ecclesiastical Province of Quebec.

During his pontificate he introduced into the diocese of Montreal the following orders:

The Order of the Sisters of Charity of the Providence.

St. Anne Sisters.

Sisters of the Misrecorde.

Sisters of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

Christian Brothers.

Brothers of Charity.

Jesuits.

It would be next to impossible to give an idea of the vast extent of his labors in the cause of charity and education.

He made five visits to the See of



ARCHBISHOP BOURGET.

Rome, each time on some mission of great importance to the Church. In 1872 the golden wedding of His Grace was celebrated with pomp and rejoicing throughout the diocese. About that time the corner stone of the new St. Peter's Cathedral built on the exact model of St. Peter's at Rome was laid—unfortunately the crisis in the business community which wrecked so many fortunes has seriously interfered with the progress of the building which is as yet far from being totally erected. On the appointment of Monseigneur Fabre as Bishop of Montreal, His Grace retired with the title of Archbishop of Martianopolis to the Sault-au-Recollet, there to spend the remainder of his saintly days in prayer and preparing for his

heavenly seat. Of late however, the question of a Catholic University for the diocese of Montreal which is being strenuously opposed by the authorities of the Laval University of Quebec, has called him again from his retirement. The University question has been debated with great ability in the Legislative Halls at Quebec and in the press, and His Grace accompanied by Monseigneur Lafleche of Three Rivers and the Hon. F. X. A. Trudel, Senator of the Dominion Parliament, has proceeded to Rome to lay the claims of the Catholics of Montreal before his Holiness Pope Leo XIII. The result of this mission will be awaited with anxiety by all the parties concerned.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shores,
 Tho' rude the soil and chill the air,
 Then well may Erin's sons adore
 Their Isle which nature formed so fair.
 What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
 As Shannon great or pastoral Ban,
 Or who a friend or foe can meet
 So generous as an Irishman.

Tho' his hand be rash, his heart is warm,
 And principle is still his guide,
 None more regrets a deed of harm,
 None more forgives with nobler pride;
 He may be duped, but not be dared,
 More fit to practice than to plan,
 He ably earns his poor reward,
 And spends it like an Irishman.

If poor in weal he'll for you pay,
 And guide you where you safe may be;
 If you're his comrade, while you stay,
 His cottage holds a jubilee
 His inmost soul he will unlock,
 And if he may your merits scan,
 Your confidence he scorns to mock,
 For faithful is an Irishman.

By honor bound in woe or weal,
 Whate'er she bids he tries to do;
 Try him with gold, it won't prevail,
 But e'en in fire you'll find him true.
 He seeks not safety—let his post
 Be where there's aught in danger's van,
 Or if the field of fame be lost,
 It won't be by an Irishman.

Erin's loved land from age to age,
 Be thou more great, more famed more free,
 May peace be yours; or should you wage
 Defensive wars, cheap victory.
 May plenty flow in every field,
 And gentle breezes sweetly fan,
 May cheerful smiles serenely gild
 The heart of every Irishman.

THE IRISH CENSUS.

A SUMMARY return of the Census of Ireland for 1881, recently published, will be scanned with peculiar interest at the present time. We reproduce elsewhere an analysis of it.

The figures indicate but too accurately the gradual depopulation of the country. Although the percentage of loss during the last decade has not been as great as in previous decennial periods since 1841, still the falling off is very remarkable indeed, especially when contrasted with the increased census of England and Scotland.

The emigration during the last ten

years amounted to 623,000 nearly, and Ireland lost in the last generation—since the famine years—the extraordinary number of three millions of her people.

The population of Ireland is now a little over five millions and the government is taking steps to further encourage and facilitate the "uprooting of the Irish people from the soil" utterly indifferent as to where they transplant themselves, provided they leave the land that gave them birth, but which now affords them neither sustenance, contentment nor peace, so greatly has it been blighted by the exterminating Government of the selfish stranger who holds its fair acres in his usurious and desperate grasp.

The London *Times*—the voice of the people of England—in some of its recent exultations at the extent of the Irish exodus, finds abundant satisfaction in the expectation that the effect of the Hegira from Ireland of one particular class, as it thinks, will ultimately be the equalization in numbers of the two very distinct religious elements of that country and, possibly the preponderance of that element which enjoys its favorable regard as the "loyal, contented, prosperous and orthodox" population of Ireland.

But these great "crumbs of comfort" with which the *Times* has been feeding its readers have been rendered very indigestible by the application of a little census sauce—they have been proven by the Census Commissioner "a delusion and a snare"—"Dead sea fruit, turned to ashes on the lips" by the touch of a few truthful figures mathematical.

The rate of depopulation is highest in Ulster where the people are said to be so loyal and so happy and prosperous. From that province, which the *Times et hoc genus* would have us believe is preserved from the general ruin by the glorious safeguard of Protestantism, more than two have gone for every one that left the poorest province—Catholic Connaught.

It will be further observed that although the loss of population in the decade has been 252,532, the decrease in the Catholic population has been less in proportion—189,513 out of 4,141,401 or 4.7 per cent! while the loss in the Pro-

testant population has been over five per cent—63,910 out of 1,271,876; and the former represent one tenth per cent more of the population than they did in 1871.

The organ of the English people and its devotees will find no ground upon these figures to base hopes and prayers and great expectations.

No; the truth is they are all departing Catholic and Protestants alike—driven from their homes by that kind of short-sighted suicidal policy significant of an empire tottering to its fall—an empire going through that period of inflicted madness which is said to precede destruction.

But if they must leave the old land, its revered ties and its sacred memories; let them come across the seas to these Western shores where they will find open arms of welcome from kindred who have come before, and a virgin soil that invites cultivation and promises, without landlordism and rack rents, a fecundity of reward in a country that is destined to inherit the greatness, power and glory (but untarnished we hope) which are slipping away from Britain no longer great.

We regret, however, that the clause of the emigration scheme favoring Canada as a field for the Irish Emigrant—the only one that had any reconciliatory features for us—has been abandoned.

Nevertheless, the Irish exile will find a free and fair field for his exertions in our Canadian Dominion, and he need not fear the very slight “golden link of the crown” binding us to the mother country that has been such a cruel step-mother to him, as he can take his part with us, when the proper time comes, in quietly cutting it away, with or without the parent's consent, to start on our new national career.

There is no help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter.

Neglect no woman merely because she is plain looking; for beauty is to woman but what salt-petre is to beef—it gives it an appearance, but imparts to it no relish.

“REFORMATION” EXILES.

IRISH HOSPITALITY TO THE PROSCRIBED ENGLISH MONKS.

“S. H. B.,” in *London Lamp*.

THE question has often been asked—“What became of the English Monks after the confiscation of the religious houses?” I answer: many were hanged—hundreds perished in prison, or died from hunger; but I find by research in the Cathedral archives of France, and in contemporary State papers of Spain, that in a space of fourteen years nearly nine hundred English Monks landed at different parts of Ireland in various disguises. In Connaught a large number found a reception worthy the proverbial hospitality of the Celt, from the O'Conors, the De Burghs, the O'Kellies, the O'Flaherties, the O'Donnellans, the O'Shaughnessies* the Lynches, the Bodkins, the Keoghs, and other ancient families of that faithfully Catholic province.

In Ulster the exiles were received with eager kindness by the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, the O'Dogherties, and Maguires. In Munster and Leinster (even with the leading Catholics of the Pale) many found refuge and generous support; and with such fidelity was their secret guarded, that the authorities never could discover the asylum of any though aware of their presence in the island. It was a tradition amongst the Irish how rapidly the Monks learned the Gaelic tongue, and how fervently they preached against Henry's sacrilegious assumption of supremacy, as they did afterwards, in peril and privations, against the inroads of the Reformation. In the reign of Elizabeth they went throughout the country instructing the people, strengthening their faith, and exposing the characters of the leading Reformers.

*Sir Denis O'Shaughnessy had inscribed on the gates of his castle, in the county Clare, these words: “Let no honest man who is dry or hungry, pass this way.” With the English Abbots the same kind fraternal sentiment was represented by a Monk, standing at the gate at the hour of dinner with a white wand as a signal of welcome to the wayfarer. No Englishmen died of hunger in those days. What a contrast with the present.

This zeal was manifested in the face of death—for they were literally hunted like wolves ; but neither the famine nor the death which befell many discouraged the survivors. About the same period the military deputies shot them down, we are assured, like “ carrion crows,” until, finally, their numbers faded away, from bullet, steel, nakedness and hunger, and but few remained to die among the natives of the remote glens, or other retreats of a persecuted people. The history of the plundered monks of England is amongst the saddest, yet grandest record of the olden creed.

Father Latchett, of Glastonbury, was an illustrious member of these exiled martyrs. He fled to Ireland during the deputyship of Lord Sussex. He was imprisoned for twelve years, and lashed and tortured twenty times; finally escaping, he continued for thirty years to preach against the Reformation, and ultimately died, in his wild retreat in the Galtee mountains, at the patriarchal age of 110, having concluded a life of unparalleled dangers, sufferings and trials; but of unswerving fidelity, fortitude and virtue.* Were it deemed worth while to gather amongst the Irish-speaking natives of South Munster the traditions and ballads of their bards, memorials would be found of the faith, devotion and fearlessness of the good English *soggarths* (priests.) But the race of the bards has long disappeared—and even tradition is becoming fainter as the population extends—just as a cloud becomes thinner from expansion.

The Irish people have been cruelly misrepresented for centuries, and never more than at the present moment.

A commentator upon the Celtic character of the days of Penal proscription, remarks that the Irish peasant has, at all periods, been peculiarly distinguish-

ed for hospitality, and though naturally inclined to relieve the necessities of a friend still he was actuated by higher feelings in the case of a fallen enemy, forgetful of past wrongs, stretching forth the hand of friendship in the name of the God of Charity. It is also well known that this old race are remarkable for their attachment to kindred.

Unnatural cruelty and treachery have been frequently attributed to the Irish peasantry by English writers who are wholly unacquainted with the national character, or desire to misrepresent it, for reasons best known to themselves and their publishers. Amongst this class of “tourist painters” of Irish character stands prominently forward, Mr. James Anthony Froude, in his noted work upon Ireland, which has been denounced by the educated and intelligent of all creeds and classes in the Sister Country, as a deliberate slander—a perversion of all truth. Since Horace Tuliss, the Kerry parson, of Munchausen memory, wrote a book on Irish life, no such accumulation of extravagant assertions have been printed and indorsed by any educated English gentleman.

SISTER MIRENE.

AN EPISODE OF THE SYRIAN MASSACRE.

CHAPTER II.

Next morning, continued Nad-ji-eda I was on foot at day-break, but my father was earlier than I, and waited for me in the street for more than a quarter of an hour, whilst I was completing my toilet. I must tell you that he had wished me to put on all my richest apparel and ornaments, but I was to choose those that were white. He was on horseback with three or four other Druse horsemen, with whom he was conversing. When I appeared he lifted me in his arms, placed me before him and we set out.

I expected that we should go to the mosque at Esbaya, but no; we entered a deep gorge in the mountains. Our route skirting a deep ravine on the one side, whilst on the other it was overhung with rocks, that would make a goat

*The Rev. Paul O'Dempsey's "Accompte of the noble English Fryers." A little book long out of print. A copy of it was in the possession of the author's family for more than a century. O'Dempsey was a Franciscan priest, and died in the reign of James the First, having witnessed the desolating wars of Mountjoy, and the famine and cannibalism caused in Ireland by the merciless fury of Elizabeth.

dizzy, was often so narrow, that two horsemen could not ride abreast.

The sky was very clear, the sun shone brightly, the air was sharp and bracing long rays of sunshine played through the cleft rocks, glinted through the woodlands, and sparkled upon the dashing waters, the sight of which made our horses neigh, as the snow white foam danced at their feet.

A breeze soft as the breathing of a sleeping infant scattered on the path the scarlet leaves of the maples as they fell in a shower of fire sparks from the trees.

Sometimes we could see nothing but arid rocks, which appeared as though they would crumble in the sunshine; at others the eye sought to penetrate the depths of the forest or roamed over green valleys dotted with hamlets environed in olive groves and mulberry trees with here and there the laurel-rose, whose blossoms are as charming as its shade is deadly; again our path would widen out becoming level and soft with saxifrage and renunculus, and skirted with the golden flowered cactus. We met few travellers, only some Arabs in white burrouses who saluted us with "In schal Allah" "By the grace of God," to which our company answered by a short and unintelligible response.

From time to time I saw beautiful buildings nestled in the recesses of the mountains sheltered by the wooded heights above, or sitting gracefully upon the gentle slopes, exposed to the south and covered with vineyards. They were charming to look upon nestled in purple vines or surrounded with olive trees. At each as we passed, I expected my father to exclaim "This is the mosque," but he looked neither to right nor left, occupied as he was with guiding his horse.

One of these houses especially drew my attention, and I admired it as long as the turnings of our path allowed. It was built picturesquely on the side of a peaked mountain, all crags and rocks above; all verdure at its foot. The building was of vast extent, and possessed a certain elegance; it was hewn partly out of the solid rock. A large lawn served for an approach. Fig trees loaded with blue fruit; pomegranates covered with purple apples, vines,

whose golden grapes appeared like flakes of flame moved majestically in the morning air, our path on the right lay along this beautiful domain; on the left nothing but bleached rocks, descending in giant steps deep down to a torrent at that time half dried up.

Whilst I contemplated this beautiful place, hoping to hear my father say to me "It is here they train the Ackals," a sweet silvery sound, full and swelling, burst as from the interior of the edifice, and I felt that I had never before heard so sweet a music. Its echos filled each gorge, and were thrown back from crank and cranny.

"What is that?" I asked of my father.

He shrugged his shoulders with a careless indifference

"It is, I believe," he replied, "the convent bell, which calls the inmates to recreation."

Then the gates opened and a number of women dressed in black came out upon the lawn. Some were old, and others were only beginning life, all appeared so happy and so contented, that I was convinced that this must certainly be the home of the ackals (or the learned). If happiness exists on earth, said I to myself it must be in this home of the learned. Learned means wise, wise means contented with one's lot. The horse stopped by chance, and I jumped to the ground "At last," cried I, "we have arrived!"

"Arrived! what do you see here?" asked my father, seizing me and with one hand only helping me back again on the horse with the ease with which I would pluck a flower.

"But tell me—are not those people on the lawn Ackals?"

"Stupid!" replied he with impatience, "they are catholic nuns."

"What are catholic nuns, father?"

He contracted his brow and in a solemn voice said

"It is not necessary either to pronounce their name, or to seek to know what it signifies."

Pressing the flanks of his horse, we set forward at a gallop. After skirting the ravine some time longer, we descended into a deep gorge into which the sun must seldom have entered. Firs, cypresses, turpentine trees and larches

formed a dome over our heads through which the rain and the light could hardly enter, and above all, where branches were wanting, moss clad rocks joined their rugged heads to shut out the sun.

"Here weare" said my father "jumping down" and placing me upon the green sward.

"Where?" asked I in astonishment.

"At the mosque," said he leading his horse to a beech tree and tying it with great care. All our companions did the same. This did not show me any plainer where to look for the mosque. The Khaloues or country mosques are not generally very imposing edifices, but they are at least buildings of more or less extent. Here was no trace of masonry, no grotto, no shelter.

"Father," whispered I, timidly, "where is the temple? where are the people?"

Without answering, he took me by the hand and made me walk through the wood for some minutes and then stopping said "Behold!"

I raised my eyes with care for sharp thorns surrounded me on all sides. I could see nothing but the dark trunks of immense trees, and behind this sombre porch the mouth of a cave around which a crowd of men was assembled. I felt abashed and lonesome amongst this crowd of swarthy warriors when at length I saw at a distance the old priestess. She saw me also, and nodded her head with its tantour of brass as though to encourage me.

Meanwhile the lynx howled amongst the branches, and the jackal uttered its plaintive cries from the dried bed of the torrent. Daylight had given place to a sombre twilight, and you would have thought, that night was about to close in. How different all this from the beautiful convent on the sloping hill side all covered with flowers and bathed as we had seen it in the golden sunlight. My father took me by the hand and led me to the priestess.

"This is Na-ji-eda;" said he.

"The cherished child of Hachem and of Hamsa!—the predestined!—the future prophetess!" cried the old woman with the brass head gear, with a harsh and husky voice.

I do not know, whether the people

present knew this to be my destiny; what is certain is, no one opposed our entry. I suppose they tolerated this caprice of my father, because he held so high an authority, that no one dare oppose him.

A man stood at the doorway, before whom each one on passing appeared to halt, for a moment I took him for a beggar to whom each gave a few ghazirs. On a nearer approach I found that he was the door-keeper to whom each one on entering had to show an amulet worn on the neck, and without which none could enter the temple. This amulet was a small black stone engraved with the image of a young calf.

"A calf!" interrupted Gabrielle.

"Yes." It appears that this calf has been adored by the Druses for ages.

"It is the golden calf of Scripture," remarked Gabrielle.

I do not know whether it is of gold or any other metal, but the Ackals loved this image, which they call in their language "horse" in great veneration. All showed this amulet before entering except my father, who alone did not take the trouble, but passed in with a majestic air, and to whom the door-keeper made a most profound bow.

My father led me to a kind of altar before which three seats had been ranged. All the assistants sat on mats; as for me, I sat upon the altar step, whence under cover of my veil I could see everthing without appearing too curious and too little recollected.

Lamps with seven branches, suspended by iron chains, lit up the huge stone which served for an altar. Banners decorated the ceiling, hanging at equal distances. Around the shafts of these banners at the entrance door, and in different parts of the cavern they had entwined garlands of a pretty blue flower which grows only in the most desert parts of Lebanon. The walls were ornamented with a design of red birds and blue flowers alternating with red flowers and blue birds, and thus alternating thro' the whole the two spouses, ultramarine and carmine were never disjoined. A stream of crystal water, cold as ice, bubbled from the rock behind the altar and running with a low murmur along a channel the whole

length of the Khaloué flowed out by the door way. My father went out for a few minutes and when he returned I could scarcely recognise him. He had changed his clothes and I know not why my heart leaped when I saw him in his new dress. All the attendants were dressed in machlahs—camel skins—with white turbans. My father on the contrary had a large black turban, which concealed, a great part of his person and a long black robe with flowing sleeves on which you would have thought they had strewn all the stars of night.

"A robe of stars? child! you must be giving me the history of Peau-d'Ane," exclaimed Gabrielle.

"I do not know what the Peau-d'Ane is," replied Nad-ji-eda, tossing her head, "but I know I was very much frightened, not indeed on account of the starry robe, but because he held in his hand a large and shining knife."

Two men dressed also in black tunics but without the stars seated themselves on each hand of my father after they had carried a black sheep with its feet tied, to the foot of the altar.

My father rose sprinkling salt, earth and ashes upon the innocent creature, and having covered its head with a linen cloth, ordered the doorkeeper to lead in the neophite who was about to be admitted into the brotherhood of the Ackals.

This neophite was a young man dressed in white, who walked bare-footed over the cold flag stones. He approached my father and after having saluted him as cheik-il-n'gown (chief of the stars) he stood before him in a respectful silence.

My father questioned him in a loud voice. I did not understand all that was said. I know however that the neophite recited the Druse creed, that he spoke of Eblis and of the evil one and of Hackem whose divinity he proclaimed.

"He at least explained what this Hackem is?" suggested Gabrielle.

"Not precisely. It appears however that this God of the Druses cannot claim the prestige of eternity. He was born about the eleventh century. He was a bad specimen of an Egyptian prince of the Fatimite dynasty. His subjects far from trying to control his bad actions, sub-

mitted blindly to his every caprice; so much so indeed that the day he determined to proclaim himself God all Egypt prostrated itself and adored him. His numerous disciples did not hesitate to propagate this strange religion, and one of them named Darazi came to Damascus to preach the new cultus and the new God. Both were received with open arms, and in course of time were called after Darazi El-Daruz a name which was afterwards corrupted into Druses."

"Is your grandfather, Amrou, of Druse origin?"

"No; certainly not. He is of the race of the desert Arabs and it was not without difficulty that he consented to the marriage of his only daughter to the Cheik Djielaib—my father."

The ceremony was long. My father asked a number of questions. He asked the postulant amongst other things whether he knew the plant aliledj? to which he answered yes—that it was the plant which flourished only in the heart of Hackem. This was not true for the blue garlands then in the mosque were of the flowers of the aliledj. Then my father traced out for the neophite a plan of conduct and enumerated all the obligations which men contract who enter this mysterious society of the Ackals.

He must abstain from wine like the disciples of Mahomet; must wear neither gold nor silk nor jewellery. I heard no more for the plaintive cries of the little black lamb went to my heart.

At length my father said that he must consult the stars to see whether they accepted the neophite, and for this purpose he caused the skin of a zebra to be brought and afterwards the skin of a Persian ass on which hieroglyphic and cabalistic signs had been traced. After having examined both he declared that the stars of heaven were content to see the young postulant enter the society of the Ackals.

The ceremony of reception then began. I saw only a part. My father approached me without looking at me—without even appearing to know that I was there. He held the terrible knife and brandishing it without saying a word after describing with it a sort of circle, plunged it up to the handle in

the neck of the poor innocent sheep, I felt myself overwhelmed with the hot blood and fainted.

When I recovered consciousness they had taken away the victim and the neophyte held place in the ranks of the faithful, but my father was still speaking. His discourse was long energetic but not too clear. As far as I could learn—God grant I may be deceived—the Druses meditated an expedition of some kind, a revolt, a war, and my father was assuring them that this work of destruction was agreeable to Hackem. Whatever the expedition was however, it must have been abandoned, since nothing has as yet come to trouble the peace of Lebanon.

H. B.

(To be continued.)

MYLES O'REILLY, OF CAVAN.

MAOLMORA O'REILLY was descended from a long line of chiefs, who, with but few exceptions, bravely battled for the cause of Irish liberty. He lived in troublous times, when he who could give and take the most knocks was generally considered to be the better man, and when thews and sinews were held in as much estimation as brains or genius. O'Reilly, however, was gifted with both brains and genius. He was one of the strongest and bravest men in Owen Roe's Irish army, and was called "Myles the Slasher," on account of his surpassing strength and bravery. His brother, Philip, was chief of the Clan-Reilly, and married to Rose, the sister of Owen Roe O'Neill. Myles was a younger son, and not likely to ever bear the wand of chieftaincy in Cavan. But little cared he for that. Place him at the head of his troop of cavalry with the English in sight, and that was enough for him. Deeds of his prowess and bravery are told by the people of Leitrim and Cavan, where the inhabitants retain vivid traditions of him to this day. He was a bold and skilful leader, and served under Phelim O'Neill in 1641, and under Owen Roe at Benburb. When leading a charge it was invariably his custom, if he could possibly accomplish it, of riding into the midst of the enemy's ranks and hacking and slashing around him with his pond-

erous sabre, until he cut his way out or defeated the enemy. At Benburb he made a desperate onslaught upon Monroe's Scottish cavalry, cutting every one down at a blow who opposed his way, and driving the remnant of them in route and utter disaster from the field. Stoutly the Caledonian troopers met him, but they fell before his gigantic strength and fiery valour. As the sun set on the Blackwater, the scattered ranks of the Scots went down, their general fled from the field, leaving behind him three thousand of his best troops on the sward of Benburb. The Slasher followed him all that night, and hundreds of Monroe's soldiers were slaughtered in the pursuit. The Irish make the best cavalry men in the world, and foremost among them have always been the O'Reillys of Cavan. From the days of the great Fenian chief of Finn down to the charge at Benburb, the Clan Reilly had always given their quota of horsemen to the Irish army. The soldiers of Bagnal and Essex could never withstand the charge of the Ulster troopers when led on by Hugh of Dungannon, and, long afterwards, at the Boyne, Hamilton hurled his regiment of dragoons against twice the number of picked and veteran troops, and arrested the conquering William in his course. But the most dashing trooper of them all, the boldest and bravest rider that ever sat in saddle or spurred to death with a shout of defiance ringing on his lips, was Myles the Slasher. A giant in height and strength, comely and fair to look upon, a tried and trusted leader, an ardent patriot, and a daring soldier, he was idolized by his men and hated and feared by his enemies. Many a rugged mountaineer, who had followed the flag of Monroe from Ben Lomond, and many a mostrooper, who had raided on the borders of Berwick and Carlisle, met his death from the sword of the Slasher. In battle he was terrible, helmet and skull were shattered by one blow from his powerful arm, and but few in the English army dared meet him single-handed and alone in combat. From the time he was able to handle a sword until his death, he fought for the flag of his country and the freedom of his race, and his death was as glorious as his deeds had been patriotic and

brave. Being encamped at Granard, in the County Longford, with Lord Castlehaven, the commander of the army of Confederate Catholics, he was ordered to proceed with a chosen detachment of horse to defend the bridge of Finea against the Scots, then bearing down upon the main army with a superior force. Myles took up his station on the bridge, and the enemy, confident of success, dashed forward. But they never gained the centre. The foremost files went down before the sabres of the Irish, and their leader fell, struck down by the hand of Myles himself. Charge after charge was made by the Scots, their general hurling dark masses of his troops against that small and devoted band of horsemen. One by one they fell until the gallant O'Reilly was left with but a mere handful to defend the bridge. His horse had been shot under him, and he now fought on foot. The Scots, maddened by repulse and the death of so many comrades, rushed forward with fearful impetuosity, determined to sweep all before them. Nothing remained for the Irish but retreat or death. It was impossible for scarcely three score of men to withstand the shock of a thousand fierce and savage grenadiers. The bridge must be yielded at last. The bold Slasher must be equal to the emergency. Placing himself in the very centre of the bridge and grasping his terrible weapon in his hand, he waited the assault. On they came, and for fully twenty minutes the Slasher held the bridge, and all that came within his reach went down. More than twenty hireling Scotchmen perished by his hand alone, and three times that number fell before the swords of his gallant comrades. At length he fell, covered with a hundred wounds, and, as he closed his eyes in death, he could hear the tramp of Castlehaven's troops as they rushed to his rescue. They came too late to save him, but he had saved the bridge, and he died content.

Tradition adds that shortly before his death he had encountered a Scotch officer of gigantic frame and strength, who laid open the Slasher's cheek with a stroke of his sword, but that the Slasher held the sword blade between his teeth, as firmly as if held in a smith's vice; until he cut down the Scotchman

with his own sword. His body was discovered on the following day, and conveyed to the monastery of Cavan, where it was interred in the tomb of his ancestors.

THE CENSUS OF IRELAND.

(*Dublin Cor. "Catholic Review."*)

Although the abstract of the census of Ireland has not yet been laid before Parliament, its general details are already known. This abstract or summary, by provinces, counties, and cities, of the population, is, of course, liable to revision, but experience shows that no material alteration need be expected. Coming at a crisis of such social excitement, the results of the census possess unusual interest. We shall arrange and classify all the salient facts.

The population of Ireland increased and decreased as follows within the last seventy-six years:—

INCREASE, 1805-45. 53.7 per cent.

Year.	Population.
1805 - - -	5,395,456
1821 - - -	6,801,827
1831 - - -	7,767,401
1841 - - -	8,196,507
1845 - - -	8,295,061

DECREASE 1845-81 87.8 per cent.

1851 - - -	6,574,278
1861 - - -	5,798,967
1871 - - -	5,412,377
1881 - - -	5,159,845

This decrease of 3,135,216 persons, or nearly thirty-eight per cent. in the thirty-six years since the beginning of the famine in 1845, or, on an average, over one per cent each year, is without precedent in the annals of mankind. The rate of decrease has, however, been steadily declining—thus, in the six severe years of the famine period, 1845-51, the loss was 20.7 per cent; in the decade 1851-61, 11.79 per cent; and in 1861-71, 6.67 per cent. while the loss in the decade 1871-81, 252,532 persons, or 4.7 per cent. To understand the magnitude of the loss, vastly greater than these figures represent, we should turn to the corresponding years, and compare the decrease in the population of Ireland with the increase in that of England and Scotland.

The diminished increase in the last

ten years, the lessened disparity in the number of males to females—2,522,804 to 2,637,035—and the increase in the average number of persons to a family, 5.19 in 1881, as compared with 5.07 in 1871, are hopeful signs of improvement. The decrease in the number of males in the decade was forty-four in 1,000, as against forty-nine in the cases of females. Emigration of 622,686 persons in the decade, is, of course, the chief cause of this continuous diminution of the general population, as the natural excess of births over deaths proceeds as usual. The increase in the average number in a family must, we think, mainly arise from the consolidation of farms, and the increase in domestics therefrom. The enormous emigration of the last ten years arose not so much from poverty or industrial pressure as from the intense strength of family ties, thousands of people having left through prepaid passages, to join near relatives long settled in the United States and the colonies.

The decline of population extended although not uniformly, over the four provinces. In the thirty years, 1841-71. Munster lost 49.2 per cent; Connaught, 45.9; Leinster, 46.6; and Ulster only 24.9 per cent of its population; so that, in round numbers, the rate of loss in Munster and Connaught was twice as great as in Ulster. In the last decade, 1871-81, however, the loss has been in Connaught, only 3.4 per cent; Leinster, 4.5; Munster 5; and Ulster, the largest 5.1 per cent., so that the rate of loss in Ulster, the richest province, was exactly one-half higher than in Connaught, the poorest. Decline took place in twenty-nine of the thirty-two counties, the three in which population has increased being Antrim, 4.7 per cent., owing to the linen manufacture and the growth of towns; Dublin, 3.2 per cent., arising mainly from transference of the city population to the suburban townships; and Kerry 2 per cent. from natural causes, and lowness of emigration. Monaghan county, in Ulster, lost about eleven, and Tipperary, and Carlow, ten per cent.; while Galway lost only 3.2; Cork, 1.7; and Mayo, 0.7 per cent. The slight loss in Mayo, Galway and Cork, and the gain in Kerry, four large western and Catholic counties, is very remarkable.

The population of the city of Dublin proper, exclusive of the several suburban townships, is 249,486, or an increase of only 1.3 per cent. in ten years; but, including the suburbs, it is 338,579, or an increase of four per cent. The increase in the townships has been, Clontarf, twenty-two; Rathgar, eighteen; Kingstown and Blackrock eleven each; and Kilmainham nearly nine per cent.

The statistics relating to agriculture are, of course, interesting and opportune. The number of agricultural holdings of all grades in Ireland in 1841 was 691,202; in 1851 it was 570,338; while this year it is only 523,609; a falling off in forty years of 167,533 holdings, or about twenty-four per cent. of all the agricultural tenements in the country. Of course the chief decrease in the forty years has been amongst the small holders, their number having fallen 79.5 per cent.; while the holders of fifteen acres have fallen thirty-six per cent. Within the last year alone no less than 1,778 holdings have been absorbed, 997 of which were under five statute acres. Here we see how the work of eviction and consolidation proceeds.

The Creed Enumeration possesses special interest. The first Religious Census was taken in Ireland under the Royal Commission of Public Instruction in 1834; and only in 1861 was it first included in the decennial census. The following table shows the religious status in 1871 and 1881:—

1871.		
	Persons	Per Cent.
Catholics	4,141,401	76.6
Epis. Prot.	683,295	12.6
Presbyterians	503,491	9.3
Methodists	41,815	0.8
Independents	4,485	0.7
Baptists, &c.	33,828	
Soc. of Friends	3,834	
Jews	258	
<hr/>		
Total	5,413,277	100.
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1881.		
Catholics	3,951,888	76.7
Epis. Prot.	635,670	12.3
Presbyterians	485,503	9.4
Methodists	47,669	0.9

Independents	5,014	} 0.8
Baptists &c.	29,952	
Soc. of Friends	3,696	
Jews	453	
<hr/> Total		100
	5,159,845	

In the population for 1881 are included 1,144 persons who refuse to state their creed. We see the gratifying fact that with a loss of population in the decade of more than a quarter of a million, an emigration of 622,686 persons, at least eighty per cent. of whom were Catholics, and several years of severe trial and distress, the Faith of St. Patrick has held its own in Ireland, its relative status being the same as in 1871. In fact, the three leading denominations remain without material alteration; save that some of the members of the Disestablished Church have gone over to Methodism and other sects. Connaught, for generations the recruiting ground of the Protestant missionaries, who reported conversions by myriads, has lost about 10,000 Protestants since 1861, so that the Census Returns ought to close forever the ears and purses of the credulous against the proselytisers who boasted of their success on that seaboard.

ADVANTAGE OF SPEAKING TRUTH.

HEGIAGE was a distinguished Arabian warrior, but ferocious and cruel. Among a number of prisoners whom he had condemned to death there was one who having obtained a moment's audience, said: "You ought, sir, to pardon me, because the day when Abdarrhaman was cursing you I represented to him that he was wrong, and ever since that time I lost his friendship." Hegiage asked if he had any witnesses of his having done this; and the soldier mentioned another prisoner, who was about likewise to suffer death. The prisoner was called and interrogated, and having confirmed the fact, Hegiage granted the first his pardon. He then asked the witness if he had likewise taken his part against Abdarrhaman; but he still respecting truth, answered: "No; he did not consider it his duty so

to do." Hegiage, notwithstanding his ferocity, was struck with the prisoners greatness of soul. "Well," said he, after a moment's pause, "suppose I were to grant you life and liberty, should you still be my enemy?" "No," said the prisoner. "That is enough," said Hegiage, "your bare word is sufficient; you have given undoubted proof of your love for truth. Go, preserve the life which is less dear to you than honor and sincerity; your liberty is the just reward of your virtue."

THE WISE MAN AND THE FOOL.

A TALE OF THE FIRST HALF OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

(From the French.)

CHAPTER III.

THE POPE AND THE OLD PIEDMONTESE. Piedmont and Turin had never before beheld a triumph such as the policy of Napoleon permitted and the piety of the Piedmontese prepared for Pius VII. Scarcely had the august traveller set foot in the territory of the 27th division (as the subalpine provinces were at that time called) ere the civil and military officers hastened to offer their respects. In whatever city the Holy Father arrived he was duly received and addressed by the bishops, the generals commanding and by the prefects. The concourse of people was immense. His arrival and his departure were announced by the discharge of artillery, and the joyous voices of all the steeples. A moving spectacle met the eye all along the road from village to village; right and left the faithful had formed in line, as in the streets of a large city on a festival day, and that, as well by night as by day, for the darkness of the night was lit up by many torches, and lamps and candles. On the papal route, the smallest village became a populous city: the militia from the surrounding country was there in full uniform the magistrates in their robes, the clergy in choir, and the confraternities with their distinctive badges. It was no local gathering but a general movement of the whole population,

many coming from the most distant estates. As soon as the pontifical carriage appeared in the distance the *Te Deum* was entoned and all knelt down asking the papal benediction. The military saluted the Holy Father with joyous salvos and disputed the honor of following the cortege to the extreme limits of their department. Happy the house where the Pope chanced to stay for repose! What do I say? He thought little of repose. So many persons of distinction asked to be allowed to kiss his feet—such crowds of devout people pressed forward to be near him it only for a moment,—his room was besieged by such a multitude that the Holy Father was obliged to give himself up to his beloved children, and ceased not to bless them from terrace and balcony.

But all this was nothing in comparison to the reception prepared for him by the loyal city of Turin. Cardinal Cambaceres the senator D'Aboville and the Italian Count Salmatoris master of ceremonies and introducer of ambassadors had been sent as *envoyes extraordinaires* to escort him on the remainder of his journey. All the bishops of the province had been summoned. To form the Papal Court at Turin General Menou the administrator of Piedmont was charged to arrange by the help of his eastern experience (he was an Egyptian) the most gorgeous reception he could imagine: the ministers were to second his efforts. The demonstration commenced ten miles from the capital in the city of Foirine. There a triumphant arch was erected in the name of the Province of Po; with a magnificent inscription in honor of the Holy Father; and as the Pontiff would not arrive until nightfall this arch was lit up with a flood of light—a thousand torches revealed its outlines, the statues, the garlands the decorations and the drapery. At the foot of the arch General Menou and the prefect Occelli accompanied by their staff, and surrounded by the clergy, the municipal guard and a vast concourse of people held themselves in readiness.

As soon as the papal sappers and advance guard of cavalry appeared the strains of martial music resounded on every side: on its nearer approach the crowd threw itself on its knees and the general and prefect hastening to open

the door of the papal carriage received its illustrious occupant on their knees. General Menou then delivered a short address, in which he compared Pius VII to St. Leo III, and Napoleon to Charlemagne; and assured the Pope that from Turin to the Palace of the Tuileries, he would meet nothing but the profoundest respect, and the entire devotion of the French nation. This was true: sectarian France disappeared on the arrival of the Pope, and France of the Frenchman stood to receive him. The Prefect in his turn declared himself happy at having the extreme honour of welcoming the greatest of popes in the name of the greatest of governments; he extolled the glory of the emperor, as the restorer of religion in France, and begged the Holy Father to repose with entire confidence on the filial love of the Turinese.

Moved by so many marks of respect, by such splendid preparation found in a little village lost in the woods, but above all by the presence of so many thousands of faithful children, who stood before him beneath the light of so many torches the Pope would have descended to give a solemn blessing to the multitude.

"Excuse us your Holiness!" said the officials; "the hour is late, and the cold increasing—do not disturb yourself. Allow us to proceed at the gallop in order to arrive as soon as possible at the capital, all Turin is at its place in the streets awaiting anxiously the arrival of the Supreme Head of the Church."

The Pope yielded to their representations and remained seated blessing the crowd from the doors of the carriage.

At Turin at this moment waves of human beings surged along the Rue du Po, so long, so straight, so spacious, lined on both sides with majestic arcades, which lit up by torches and lamps showed clearly the beautiful tints which decorated it. And yet this vast space to which should be added three large squares, through which the apostolic pilgrim would have to pass, appeared all too small for such crowds: the troops who lined the way with difficulty kept a space clear through which the cortege might pass. Meantime Monseigneur Buronzo del Signore archbishop of Turin, and the whole provin-

cial episcopate waited in the Cathedral of St. John, surrounded by the canons capitulare, the collegiate bodies and the clergy of all the churches of the city. The magistrates and the officers commanding the army were in attendance outside the city gate; battalions of the national guard lined the way.

According to programme the Holy Father should have arrived at nine o'clock at night: the streets were strewn with flowers for the passage, and from Moncalier to Turin the whole way was most brilliantly illuminated. In all this they had not taken into account the immense crowds and the devotion of the people through which the Pontiff would have to pass. It took four hours for the august cortege to travel the last ten miles.

Clotilde, whom Uncle Chaffred held by the hand, would not be content until she had visited the Cathedral to see the superb pontifical throne raised on seven steps, and resplendent with purple and gold. Then gliding past the attendants she made her way with her faithful guardian to the head of Rue du Po, and there placed herself determinedly between two grenadiers, who kindly left her space between them.

The people who had already waited seven hours, began to get impatient, when all at once the cry arose.

The Pope! the pope! At these magic words the multitude surged to and fro with delirious joy: some thanked God with loud voice, others bent their knees to the ground as though the Holy Father was already in sight. The bells sounded from all the towers of Turin: discharges of fire arms alternated with discharges of cannon. The old capital appeared beyond itself as it applauded the Vicar of Christ, who advanced slowly, blessing the kneeling crowd. Thus things went on as far as the royal palace, which itself appeared to take part in the universal joy, and to feel the honor done it by having to receive so illustrious and so highly venerated a guest. It stood resplendent with a thousand lights.

At the foot of the royal staircase General Menou again presented himself to receive the Holy Father with as much honor as possible: the vestibules, galleries and rooms which led to the apartment destined for the Sovereign

Pontiff were thronged with ladies and gentlemen who had used every influence to obtain admission and who threw themselves on their knees to receive the papal blessing.

To the joy of all the Pope put off his departure which had been fixed for the morrow and promised to remain another day with his faithful Turinese.

After having heard mass in the Holy Chapel the Holy Father gave himself up entirely to the pious Turinese. He admitted all to audience who presented themselves. As he rode from the Cathedral to the royal apartment, the people pressed forward, some to kiss the mule on which he rode, others to kiss his hand, others to kiss the hem of his garments. Seeing himself thus surrounded on all sides by crowds anxious to get near him he cried out (the words are historical) "My children; do not press; be not afraid; I am in the midst of you."

Chaffred Malbrouch was known to Cardinal Antonelli and to the Marquise Saccheti. He had no difficulty in obtaining a good place and permission to present his two nieces, nay more; Chaffred was personally known to his Holiness. When then Pius VII recognised the old Piedmontese in the ante-chamber struggling with his fair charges one in each hand through a dense crowd, he kindly sent Prince Altieri to his aid, to bring him to him. Chaffred knelt before the Holy Father, and his two nieces bent down to kiss the apostolic feet. The Pope seeing this, raised them up giving a hand to each. Clotilde pressed the hand offered her and covered it with kisses. She was speechless with emotion and tears of joy and of devotion to his cause filled her eyes. The Pope felt the tears fall on his hand. "My dear child," said he I bless you: be good; love and fear God like your dear uncle here." As he said this he took a lock of Chaffreds grey hairs between his fingers adding.

"Ah! naughty man; I know you: you are here to play some of your droll pranks!"

"Holy Father!" said Chaffred, since you have consecrated my hair thus by your touch, I will never cut it more.—At least not until I have finished my droll pranks."

The Pope without appearing to have heard the last words, answered to the first.

"So much the better, droll man, you will never have a cold head."

"May I add one word?" said Chaffred.

"Speak it my child speak it."

"Turin is at this moment a perfect ocean of your faithful people all have come to do homage to the Holy Father and to receive his apostolic blessing, would your Holiness accord them a public and solemn blessing?"

"But my child I have done nothing but bless them—in the streets, in the church and here."

"Holy Father there is yet another place from which to bless them in order to completely satisfy the crowd that have come to Turin."

"What place is that?" asked the Holy Father.

"The balcony of the Palace of Madam Royale. After the balcony of St. Peter there is no fitter place."

The Pope looked at those around him as though to ask advice. The Archbishop of Turin seconded Chaffred's petition. General Menou was sent for and replied—

"If your Holiness will deign to give the order I will transmit it to the troops and to the magistrates in order that all may have the honour to assist at the august ceremony."

It was decided that the ceremony should begin at four o'clock in the afternoon; the news spread from mouth to mouth and was soon known in the most distant outskirts of the city. All Turin was present at the appointed time, and as Pius VII looked down from the royal balcony upon the vast sea of bowed heads before him, he thanked God that in the midst of the Jansenism of the Court and University and in spite of republican brutality the brave population of Piedmont had still preserved the Faith.

H. B.

(To be Continued.)

To protect one's self against the storms of life, marriage with a good woman is a harbor in the tempest; but with a bad woman it proves a tempest in the harbor.

It affords us more than ordinary pleasure to chronicle the intelligence that the Manhattan College of New York, at its last Convocation, under the Presidency of His Eminence Cardinal McClosky, conferred the degree of L.L.D., *honoris causa*, on our distinguished fellow-citizen J. J. CURRAN, Esq., Q. C., already a B. C. L. of McGill University. To the publisher of THE HARP any honor conferred on Mr. CURRAN is doubly gratifying, as to him he has been on many occasions indebted for some of the most pleasing features of the publication. It was in the columns of the *True Witness*, under the control of Mr. GILLIES, the Proprietor of THE HARP, that the worthy L. L. D. made his *debut* as a *litterateur*, and many of his articles were copied from that journal into the press of the neighboring States and the United Kingdom. We congratulate our good and sincere friend Doctor CURRAN on his well merited honor, and trust that his career may be long and one of daily increasing brilliancy and usefulness.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

THE TULIP AND THE ROSE.

A tulip and a rose were neighbours in the same garden; both were very beautiful, but the gardener paid more attention to the rose. The envy and jealousy of the rival beauties was the talk of the whole garden. The tulip proud of its exterior charms, and unable to bear the idea of being abandoned for another, reproached the gardener with his partiality. "Why is my beauty neglected? are not my colors more vivid, and more varied, and more striking than those of the rose? Why then do you prefer her to me? why give her all your affection?" "Be not offended, miss tulip," said the gardener. "I know your beauty well, and admire it as it deserves; but there is in the rose an odor and an interior charm, which beauty alone can never equal."

Beauty of mind and of soul is always preferable to beauty of body.

THE ASS AND HIS MASTERS.

UNDER what unlucky star was I born? asked an ass of Jupiter. "I have to rise before the sun: and why? In order that I may carry herbs to market. A very fine reason, indeed, for spoiling my "sleep." Jupiter touched at his complaints, gave him another master. The animal with long ears and a tremendous voice passed into the hands of a tanner. Master Aliboron was soon weary with the weight and bad odor of skins. "I am sorry I left my first master;" said he; I could at least occasionally meet with a few cabbage leaves, which cost me nothing; at present I get nothing but knocks. Again he changed hands, and became a charcoal burner's ass; again complaints. "What now!" said Jupiter in anger "this animal gives us more trouble than ten others.—Go back to your first master, or be content with the one you have. We may go further and fare worse.

THE PEACOCK THE GOOSE AND THE TURKEY.

A PEACOCK was in a barn yard with a goose and a turkey, who regarded her with an envious eye, and laughed at what they called her "extreme gaudiness." The peacock, safe in her superiority or merit, despised their low bred envy, and spread out her beautiful feathers to blend them: "See with what pride that haughty creature walks!" cried the turkey. "Was ever bird so vain?" If people could only see interior merit, turkeys have far whiter flesh than that villanous peacock." "What hideous legs! what ugly claws!" said the goose: "what horrid cries; they would frighten the owls!"

"It is true," said the peacock, "these are defects; you may despise my legs and my voice, if you like; but if you had them, they would not be faults."

Defects are easiest seen when accompanied with great excellences.

THE CAT AND THE TWO SPARROWS.

A YOUNG sparrow had been brought up with a kitten. They were intimate friends; and could hardly ever be parted. Their friendship increased with their age. Raton played with Pierrot; Pierrot played with Raton; one with

his beak, the other with his paws though Raton took care not to stick out his claws. One day a neighbouring sparrow came to visit his comrade. Good day! friend; said he. Good day! answered the other. "Your servant! sir," said the one. "Your servant! sir," said the other. They were not long together before they began to quarrel and Raton took part with Pierrot, "What!" exclaimed he, is this stranger so bold as to insult my friend? It shall not be I swear by all the cats;" thereupon he eat the stranger without ceremony. "Truly!" said he "a sparrow is a delicious morsel: I had no idea that birds were so sweet, come my little friend, I must eat you too; you took part with your fellow sparrow, there is something to be said to you on that score."

The society of wicked men is always to be feared.

THE ACORN AND THE MUSHROOM.

AN acorn fell from an oak, and found itself side by side with a mushroom. "Scoundrel!" said the acorn, "have you the presumption to approach so near your superiors? offspring of a dunghill! how do you dare lift up your head in a place enobled by my ancestors for so many ages?" "Do you know who I am?" "Illustrious lord!" said the mushroom, "I know you well and your ancestors before you; I do not pretend to deny the honor of your birth, nor to compare it with mine." "On the contrary, I declare that I do not know whence I sprung; but I have qualities you have not, I tickle the palates of men, and I give a delicious flavor to the most exquisite and delicate meats, whereas you, with all your pride of ancestry, are only fit to fatten hogs."

It is not what we *have been*, but what *we are*.

THE GOAT AND THE FOX.

AN old goat with long beard and much experience having passed the day in philosophical reflections on the nature and conditions of things in general and of animals in particular, came to the conclusion to be contented with his lot. Perfectly satisfied with himself his beard and his reflections he started towards night for his stable. On passing a deep

pit he saw a fox. It was moonlight. "Comrade, what are you doing here at this time of night?" asked he, "are you taking a bath?" "no!" answered the fox, "I am eating a piece of cheese; see what a hole I am making in it." "where?"—"Here, come down quick if you want some: it is real English cheese: you never tasted better; there is still enough for you." "Do you take me for a crane?" replied Longbeard. "Are you not ashamed to tell such barefaced lies? or to wish me to believe such an absurdity? Go! Master Fox; I have known you a long time; I am acquainted with your tricks, and have grown too long a beards to be caught tripping. Good bye; I wish you good night; press of business prevents me remaining; to-morrow at this same hour I will come to see you; meanwhile eat your cheese; it is too hard for my stomach."

HONOR THE DEAR OLD MOTHER.

Honor the dear old mother. Time has scattered snowy flakes on her brows,

plowed deep furrows on her cheeks, but is she not sweet and beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunk, but those are the lips which have kissed many a hot tear from thy childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest lips in the world; the eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance that never can fade. Ah, yes, she is a dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but, feeble as she is, she will go further and reach down lower for you than any other person on earth. You cannot enter a prison whose bars can keep her out! You cannot mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss you in evidence of her deathless love when the world shall despise and forsake you: when it leaves you by the wayside to perish unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you in her arms and carry you to her home, and tell you of all your virtues until you almost forget your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with holy devotion.

THE BATTLE OF THE CLANS.

In times of old two Irish Chiefs in discord spent their days,
 Their clansmen were at bitter feud, engaged in constant frays—
 MacTuhil, who from King Tuathal his clear descent could show,
 Lord of the hills and lonely vales and lakes of Glendalough—
 Fitzgerald from the Norman sprung, with ready sword in hand
 And foot in stirrup, to defend his patrimonial land
 How e'er acquired—and attack in single combat fair
 Or open war, the ancient owners, the Toparchs of Kildare.
 The real cause 'twere hard to tell—it had gone on for years
 A heritage of woe to men and source of women's tears,
 'T was said to be a trifling wrong first made them enemies,
 Some trespasses of cattle or disputes o'er boundaries,
 Words came to blows, next inroads made on either's broad domains,
 Till lives were lost and blood defiled fair Leinster's fertile plains;
 Each had his standard which advanced as either chieftain won,
 Thus hate intense imbued each sept from vengeful sire to son.

A fight one morn, fair Kathleen knew (Fitzgerald's gentle daughter),
 Was waged upon the distant heath, notes that the breezes brought her
 Had told how dreadful was the conflict, altho' its acts were screened
 From trembling, anxious vision by woods that intervened;
 The Prince of Glendalough had called his clansmen from Imayle
 To make a foray on his foeman so friendly to the Pale;
 'T was not long since the *Ros-catha* was raised at banquet board
 The eve before the Chieftain drew the swift avenger's sword.
 But looking from the great Dunmore, the highest of his castles,
 She saw the hastily armed groups, her father's faithful vassals
 Were hurried off to join the strife by nearest mountain pass,
 The agile, half accoutred kern and heavy gallow glass.
 Then heard the horns that sound "the charge," mixed with the whistle shrill
 As rage and din of battle rose behind a furze-clad hill,
 The tumult of the warlike tribes, that met in rude array,
 Swelled o'er the cultivated fields upon that fatal day;

The battle and the clash and clang of weapons came more clear
 As the dark cloud of contest rolled more fiercely and more near,
 Then down the glades the rivals rushed in hatred fell and strong
 And thro' the martial bands the grim war-fiend swept along,
 Its falchion gleamed amid the ranks, on wings of flame it flew,
 And over conqueror and conquered its baleful trumpet blew,
 For victory they wildly strike, the valiant lift their voice.
 And o'er the feast of desperate deeds Angels of Death rejoice.

Young Kathleen heard the *farrah-farrah* and cries, but well she knew,
 The fewest and the faintest were Fitzgerald's *Crom-a-boo*;
 And as emerging from the woods with loud defiant cheers,
 Their banners waving in the wind and like a grove their spears,
 She saw her father, sword in hand, his routed levies rally,
 Place men in ambush mid the rocks or run across the valley ;
 Above their hostile shouts would rise each Chieftain's wild war-cry
 As chance or change of fortune brought the combatants more nigh,
 Equipped as best each could they made such terrible attacks
 With cross-bow, bill-hook, harquebuse, pike, *skeine* and battle-axe ;
 Just then her Clan seemed to recoil, tho' some would not be beat,
 Still fought within the forest shades, but soon had to retreat,
 Pursued by the MacTuhil sept, which passed in ardour madly
 O'er prostrate forms of dying, dead and warriors wounded badly,
 Among the heath, and grassy glens, with many a broken spear
 Lay loyal friends and hated foes in every shape of fear ;
 The sounds she heard, the sights she saw, from sad experience taught her,
 How awful were the scenes around, how great had been the slaughter,

The breeze of battle calmed a while, its terrors died away,
 The vanquished ceased to struggle and the victor ceased to slay,
 Fitzgerald's scattered forces sought to save themselves by flight
 No valour could withstand the shock of such unequal fight ;
 Some cast away their reeking blades, some bounded wildly tow'rd
 The wooded dells, the rocky heights or crossed the river fords ;
 It seemed long since her father clasped her to his plated coat of mail
 Ere with a last, fond, parting look, the clan moved down the vale.

A dreary day had passed and yet no tidings came to tell
 If the dark-haired chief were living, or how he fought and fell.
 The pleasant fields, the river banks, where flocks and herds had strayed,
 The sylvan scenes once loved so much, with sorrow she surveyed,
 For they were hideous in the carnage—here lay a heap of slain
 Where foemen fierce the death-blow gave, there, writhing still in pain
 Were many victims—what a change the Evil Spirit wrought,
 The demon Discord cursed that district, to desolation brought
 And ruled it with an iron sceptre, in blood its verdure stained
 And left Dissent in its track where Peace and Plenty reigned.

Next night the moon had shown four kern a burden bearing near,
 They sought the most secluded paths in silence and in fear ;
 It was Fitzgerald's corse they bore beneath a horseman's cloak,
 One pale hand from the litter hung and held the hilt it broke.
 Poor Kathleen kissed the pallid lips and fainting fell beside,
 An orphan lone—no arm to help, no counsel sage to guide.
 The lady knew that all was lost, that wrath usurped the place,
 In tears and terror she averted her fair, expressive face
 And letting fall her filmy veil, she passed the postern door
 And bid farewell to hall and court and castle of Dunmore,
 Then drawing close her hooded cloak—upon her gallant gray
 She left her proud, ancestral towers, and grieving rode away.

A remnant of the clansmen stood around the solemn bier
 And took the dead Chief's hand in theirs, but shed no tender tear,
 Then swore upon cross skeines they'd seek revenge on Tuhils clan
 By day and night—the dreadful oath went round to every man,
 For many years the wicked pledge with spiteful zeal was kept,
 The deadly feud was in full force, their hatred seldom slept.—

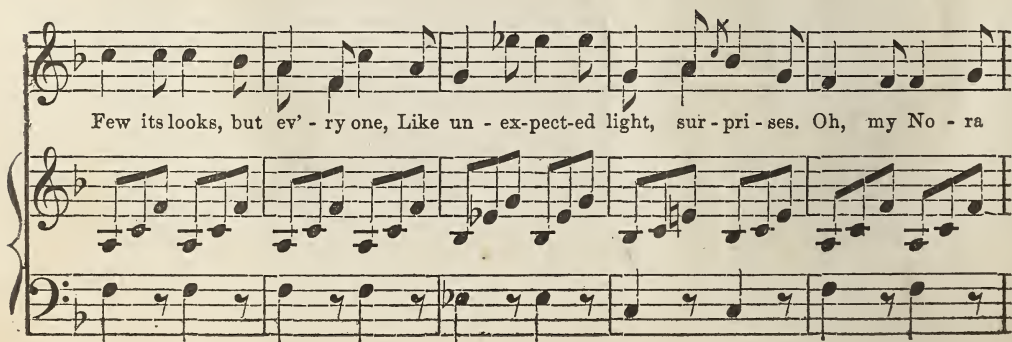
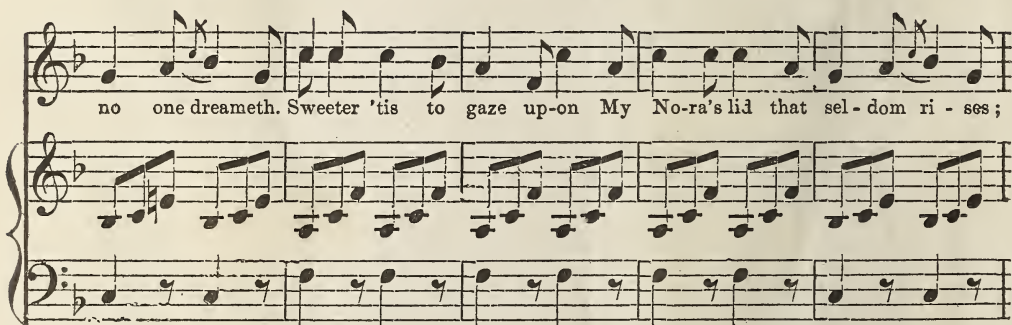
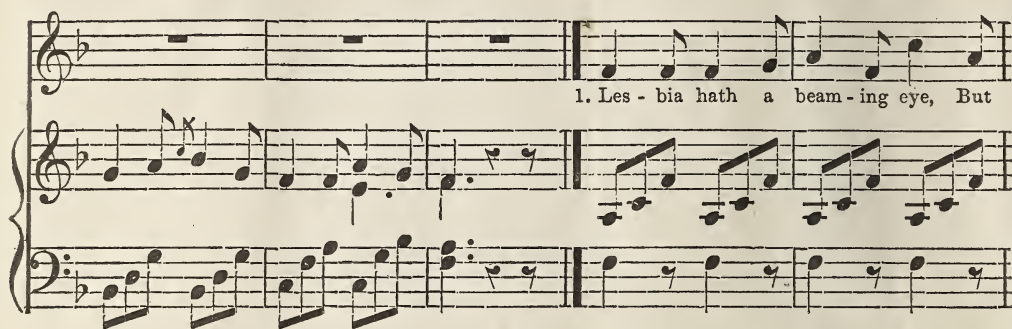
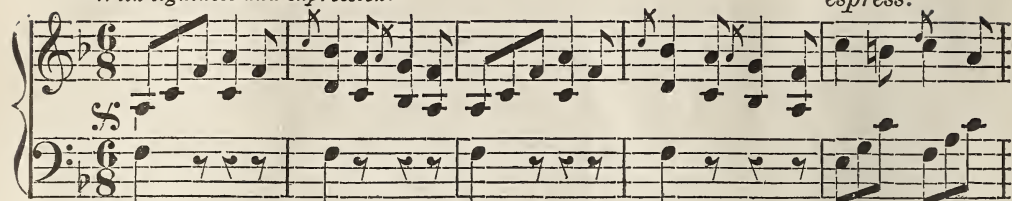
LAGENIAN.

"LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE."

AIR—NORA CREINA.

With lightness and expression.

espress.



"LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE." Concluded.

Crei - na dear! My gentle, bash - ful No - ra Crei-na! Beauty lies In ma - ny eyes, But

Love in yours, my No - ra Crei - na!

2 Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature placed it.
Oh! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving ev'ry beauty free
To sink or swell as heaven pleases.
Yes, my Nora Creina dear!
My simple, graceful Nora Creina!
Nature's dress, Is loveliness—
The dress YOU wear, my Nora Creina.

3 Lesbia hath a wit refin'd
But, when its points are gleaming round us
Who can tell if they're designed
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber love reposes—
Bed of peace! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina dear!
My mild, my artless Nora Creina!
Wit, though bright, Hath no such light,
As warms your eyes my Nora Creina.

USEFUL HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

A poultice of fresh tea-leaves, moistened with water, will cure a sty on the eyelid.

For earache, dissolve assafoetida in water; warm a few drops and drop in the ear, then cork the ear with wool.

To cure bunions, use pulverised saltpetre and sweet oil. Obtain at a druggist's 5 or 6 cents worth of saltpetre; put into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to dissolve; shake up well, and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently if painful.

BAKED POTATOES.—Raw potatoes pared and sliced very thin, put into a pudding dish and covered with milk, sprinkled with pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful of flour previously mixed smooth with a little milk, baked until nicely browned, from thirty to fifty minutes. Those fond of onions can add a few slices.

DEVILLED OYSTERS.—Open the oysters in their deep shell, season them with a small piece of butter, a little cayenne, salt and lemon juice; place them on a gridiron over a brisk fire, and broil them for about three minutes. Serve with bread and butter.

FISH MACARONI.—A first rate dish may be served up from the fish left the day before—or freshly cooked fish—by pulling it in pieces with two forks, mixing it with cooked macaroni cut in small pieces, and a large quantity of grated cheese; grate some cheese over the top when it is in the dish, and brown it well before the fire.

GINGER BISCUITS.—Half a pound of butter, five ounces of sugar, three ounces of ginger, one egg, and a quarter of a pint of cream. Take as much flour as these ingredients will make into a stiff paste; roll it over thin, and then cut it with round cutters any size you prefer. Bake them in a moderate oven on plates on which flour has been sifted.

FIRESIDE SPARKS.

The Boston *Transcript* calls Bob Ingersoll the sham Paine of freethinkers.

Strawberry shortcake is so called because it is short of strawberries.—*Buffalo Courier*.

Mr. Rust has been arrested in Chicago. Rust in irons, however, is no new thing.—*Boston Globe*.

Sammy Spriggins, a prospective heir, thinks he would rather read his uncle's last will than his own new revised Testament.

Every man who kan swap horses or ketch fish, and not lie about it, iz just as piuz az men ever git tu be in this world.—*Josh Billings*.

Scientific men who stand in with beer selling will soon be warning people against the pernicious effect of ice water as a beverage.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

"We Kissed Beneath the Moonlight," is the title of a new song. Reckless creatures, don't you know, "The Heavens are Telling?"

Money is getting to be drug on the market, and the United States Treasury is the biggest drug store of the kind in the country.

Just as soon as it is demonstatred that the revised New Testament will press Autumn leaves as nicely as the old edition its popularity will increase.

"Well, you'll own she's got a pretty foot, won't you?" "Yes, I'll grant you that, but then it never made half as much of an impression on me as that of the old man."

Ah Illinois man felt so chagrined at seeing his place advertised in the delinquent tax list that he hung himself. Some of those suckers are wonderfully sensitive people.

There are at this time, many "feasts of reason and flows of soul." The young man who was making love to his girl reasons out what struck him, and then knows it was a flow of sole.

Two New England friends were walking by a gallows, when the elder one asked the other: "Where would you be if that tree bore its its proper fruit?" "Travelling alone, sir" was the immediate reply.

Unconscious profanity sometimes comes to the most exemplary Christian. A real good brother said yesterday, "I must get me a copy of the new Bible. I hear the revisers have knocked ———out of it.

"The fact is," said Smith, melodramatically, "my heart goes out to the distressed, I am all heart." "I guess you are," remarked Fogg, more in sorrow than in anger; "I knew you are always on the beat."

"Henry," said his wife with chilling severity, "I saw you coming out of a saloon this afternoon." "Well, my darling," replied the heartless man, "you wouldn't have your husband staying in a saloon all day, would you?"

"The Germans are a frugal people," says an American writer after visiting the Berlin opera house. "As soon as the opera was over, the man in front took wads of cotton from his pocket and stopped up his ears to save the music he had paid for."

The Business Men's Moderation Society have struck from their list the total abstinence pledge and come down to beer, ale and light wines—in moderation. The Editor's Moderation Society welcome the business men cordially into the true fold.

There are not more than three thousand professional burglars in America, and yet to keep them out of our home we pay \$5,000,000 a year for locks, bolts and fasteners. Ten thousand dollars a piece a year would hire them to be good.

The Brooklyn *Union-Argus* says that the expense of the funeral is much the same whether the victim extinguishes a kerosene lamp by blowing down the chimney or fools with the business end of a revolver. Reduction, we presume, to regular customers, or clubs of ten.

"In order to succeed in politics," said a Galveston politician, "politeness is indispensable. It is the most important thing of all." "No, it ain't," responded Gilhooly; "the voters are more important, for if there are no voters to be polite to, how are you going to be elected?" Verdict for Gilhooly, and no appeal.